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1959

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JOSEPH S. HIATT

Memory's Lane

By

JOSEPH SPURGEON HIATT



*Dedicated To
My Wife*

MAUDE EUGENIA

FIFTH EDITION
THE PIEDMONT PRESS
1959

Introduction

The most pleasant assignment I have had in nearly fifty years of professional and public life was to read before publication the true life stories and bits of witticism in this book written by my friend of many years, Joseph S. Hiatt, of Elkin. Many of the stories and incidents related called to my mind the days when we lived as neighbors on Woodland Avenue, Winston-Salem. I had almost forgotten I ever owned a bulldog until I read about a group of boys tying a tin can to old "Spot's" tail, and the story brought to mind the fact that I really did have a temper in those days. Brother Joe was my pastor and I was a young newspaper reporter, a newcomer to Winston-Salem. I took a great delight in reporting the young preacher's sermons—sometimes at considerable length. He probably won't admit it, but I have heard that he preached some mighty good sermons after certain deliveries were written up in The Twin City Daily Sentinel. It was my privilege to follow this rising young minister from Grace to Burkhead and on to Ardmore in Winston-Salem. I was with him in the building campaigns at these three churches. As a money raiser he had no equal. After all the years that have passed since he surrounded Winston-Salem with new churches he can still raise money. From Elkin, where he is now serving as superintendent of Chatham Memorial Hospital, comes the following story:

One morning last winter Brother Joe walked into the hospital dining room where the nurses and other

employees were eating breakfast and requested their close attention. With pathos in his voice he began: "Friends, down by the creek, back of Harvey Lafoon's house is a stream, and in that stream is a great big bullfrog almost frozen. I need some money to buy a weather-proof blanket for the poor creature. This is absolutely necessary if he is to survive this cold spell. Any amount will be appreciated."

The story goes that contributions from ten cents up, totaling several dollars, were quickly raised. Further, it is reported that Brother Joe told the story to a Methodist preacher and received a small contribution, with the promise of more later.

This story is typical of what you will read in this book. Many of the stories and quips are original and are told as no other person can. Some of these you may have heard in his sermons and lectures, but as always, they will thrill you over and over again. They will entertain you and make you wonder how it was possible for one man to accumulate such a store of wisdom and humor as is contained between the covers of this book.

Brother Joe has always been a friend to the friendless. His friends are legion. In the heyday of his ministry it was nothing unusual for a delegation from many miles away to pop up in his congregation on a Sunday morning. With a cheery voice and a good story, he has always been the physician's best medicine in time of illness. He has also been described as the man with the golden heart. On many occasions he has been

known to divide his meager salary with some poor destitute family without calling on public charity.

He has often been called an apostle of good will. Although a Methodist preacher, wherever he went he was a community builder. Sectarianism was not for him. He has always been in great demand as a speaker on special occasions. Civic clubs, fraternal organizations and family reunions in North Carolina have no doubt seen and heard more of Joe Hiatt than any other man.

As a builder of churches his activities were not confined to Forsyth County and the City of Winston-Salem, but covered much of Western North Carolina. When there was a hard nut to crack in the way of a church building program the Bishop would say: "We'll send Joe." It was my privilege to worship in a church in West Asheville a few years ago that was built by this great trail blazer. "Johnny Appleseed" marked his trail through the middle west by scattering seed that grew into apple trees and produced fruit. Joe Hiatt combined his markers of brick and mortar with good will, sunshine and humor that will continue to spread, glow and live throughout the ages. The book will give you a small sampling of what this good man's life has meant to people of all creeds, races and organizations in Western North Carolina. Much that he has accomplished can never be told in print. The legend of Joe Hiatt will live on and on long after the Great Bishop sends him to his last charge.

It has been a rare privilege for me to have been

associated very closely with him for nearly fifty years. When I came to Winston-Salem as a young newspaper reporter to work on the Twin City Daily Sentinel it was he who located and rented for me my first home in the city. It was near his church and here began a period of friendship and love that has grown and developed and has been cemented closer and closer as the years have gone by. He baptized some of our children and grandchildren. Truly, David and Jonathan could not have loved each other more. My life has been richer in many ways because I have known him. Now that I have retired and he is nearing that point in his ministry, we look for still richer days ahead.

It is interesting to note that after many years in the active ministry of The Methodist Church Joe Hiatt transferred his interests to a position that placed him very close to the people he loved so dearly and sought to serve so faithfully—the needy, the sick, and the suffering. For some years he has served as superintendent of the Chatham Memorial Hospital at Elkin. In discussing his appointment to head the hospital, the late Congressman Thurmond Chatham said to me on one occasion: “It wasn’t the Bishop that sent Joe to us—it was the Lord.”

May each and everyone enjoy reading the book as much as I have, and may the Lord bless and keep you is my prayer.

A. W. CLINE

R. F. D. No. 1

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Preface

“A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.” Proverbs 17:22.

Two dates stand out as most important ones in my life. One is November 19, 1906 when I was admitted to the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference, and the other is June 17, 1957 when I was superannuated at the age of 72 years. Fifty-one years may seem like a long period of time to the very young but to me it seems only yesterday when I began a life of service which I have loved. Early in life I heard the call to the ministry: Isaiah 6: 8 “Also, I heard the voice of the Lord say, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.” No outstanding accomplishments can I claim but life has been good to me. My Heavenly Father has blessed me with a reasonable portion of good health so that I have been able to answer every roll call of the annual Conference for fifty-one years, and He has endowed me with a sense of humor which has helped carry me over many rough places along my journey through life. Many friends and my family have insisted that I compile some of my stories in book form, therefore, very humbly I begin this task with the thought in mind that it may afford the readers a few smiles, and that my posterity may have a glimpse of my life and certain facts which otherwise they would never know. If I accomplish this, my efforts will not have been in vain. Always too busy to keep a diary and not considering my experiences worth recording, I must now

depend entirely upon my memory to record here a few of the incidents which occurred during the years of my itineracy.

Dear Friends, who read these pages, do not think that all of life has been one sweet song for me. Both joys and sorrows have I known, but I have found it better not to let the sorrows overshadow the joys. Laughter and tears come close together. Jesus smiled at the marriage of Cana and wept at the grave of Lazarus.

I have always loved people and I shall forever feel grateful to those who have helped me along the way. Many sainted souls who have long since gone to their Heavenly reward were most sympathetic and understanding to the boy preacher who went to his first charge on the old Forsyth Circuit fifty-one years ago. Down through the years I have cherished their friendship and love. As I travel down memory's lane, I fancy I can see again the familiar faces of those loyal people. Many times I have been called back to pay a last tribute of respect to a dear friend who had answered the Master's roll call, until now only a few are left who were there a half century ago. Today their children and grandchildren are the leaders in the churches. Today the eight churches which formed my first charge are now six charges. As I traveled on from charge to charge down through the years I found new and loyal friends to add to my list.

Serving as Presiding Elder, District Superintendent, Executive Secretary of the Methodist College

Advance, Superintendent of the Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, and member of the various Conference Boards, I have found scores of people whose friendship I value. In early youth I was taught that if one wished to have friends, one must show himself friendly.

Many happy experiences have come to me through my work with and membership in various Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs and the Masonic Lodges in the towns where I have lived.

With pride I have watched the Children's Home, the Home for the Aged, and the Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital grow into great institutions. Since Father Time now decrees that I must retire from the roll of active ministers, there are many rich memories I shall continue to cherish.

"I am fully aware that my youth has been spent,
That my get-up and go has got up and went;
But I really do not mind when I think with a grin
Of all the grand places my get-up has been."

The Hunt

As a person grows older, it seems that events which occurred during childhood stand out more vividly in one's memories than those in later years. Well do I remember one experience that was mine on a Saturday night when I was twelve years of age.

My father's home was given to hospitality and many strangers as well as friends spent many a night in the old farmhouse. One day a message came to my father that a special friend, whom I shall call Mr. X., would spend the week end with us. At that time he was a Post Office Inspector, but formerly had been my first school teacher.

Brother Will suggested that in way of entertainment we should take the gentleman for a 'possum hunt. We called in our hounds, filled the lanterns with oil and got everything in readiness for Saturday night. When we started out Mr. X. carried a double-barrel shotgun, as there had been rumors that a panther or some other wild animal was roaming the forest. With high spirits and with anticipation of an evening of fun, we headed for the tall timbers. Everything went well and we were having a most enjoyable hunt, when suddenly, nearby, we heard the shrill cry of the panther, or some other animal. Immediately the dogs came back, trembling with fear and were whining at our feet.

Our guest said, "Boys, let's get out of the woods," and at that moment he began running with the loaded gun in his hand. We followed his example with me

bringing up the rear. It seemed that the animal followed us for some distance but we did not look back to ascertain if we could identify the species.

After getting out of the woods, we crossed an open field where I stumbled and as I fell I called out, "Oh Lord!"

Mr. X. replied by shouting, "Come on, Joe."

We reached the house ahead of the dogs and were just about exhausted. I was too frightened to sleep any that night and of course that ended our 'possum hunting for a long time.

Squirrel Hunting

One early autumn I was squirrel hunting with Rev. Fielder Houck and Tom Rickert near Snow Creek Church in Iredell County. The squirrels were plentiful and Fielder, being a good shot, had wounded a big gray squirrel. The squirrel came down the tree near where I was standing with Mr. Rickert off to my right. I raised my gun to take a shot at it, and just as I blazed away Mr. Rickert exclaimed in a loud voice, "You have shot me," and took off through the underbrush at the speed of a jackrabbit.

I yelled to him, "You are mistaken for I shot in another direction."

On making an investigation, we discovered that Tom was standing in the center of a yellow jacket nest and they had given him a complete going over, peppering his skin with all the stingers they had at their command.

Rough Dentistry

The average boy is a bunch of energy. His chief desire is to climb trees, wade the streams, and investigate hornet, yellow jacket and wasp nests to ascertain how much stinging power each of the little insects possesses.

At the ball game he cheers long and loud for his team. At the circus he can ask more questions than the warts Job's dog had on his tender back. It was a joy and great privilege to visit in a home near one of my churches in my youthful days in the ministry, a home like so many that were given to hospitality.

The two boys who occupied this home were so full of energy that I always had to keep on my thinking cap to entertain them. One of the lads was troubled with a loose tooth which the father and mother were unable to persuade him to have extracted. I suggested that he let me tie a string around the tooth and tie the other end of the string to a door knob. This we carried out in orderly conduct. But his older brother decided to close the door and by giving it a slam, he not only closed the door but pulled his brother's tooth.

This caused the younger brother's temperature to rise and I had to intercede at once as a peacemaker to keep the lads from entering into an old-time fist fight. As time moved on the boys grew into young manhood. At a very youthful age one was called to enter into the life eternal, and the other, after finishing his training as a dentist, hung out his shingle where

he has practiced many years. But I have not heard of his using the door knob and string to extract teeth.

The Cold Night

Have you ever slept in a bed in zero weather with only a thin blanket and a light quilt to keep you warm? Have you wished daylight would come? Well, I have had some such experiences.

Spending the night in a very humble mountain home where the heating facilities were inadequate and only one quilt and a small blanket to warm my body, I felt the pangs of the cold winter weather. But there are always two sides to any question or any problem.

That night as I lay awake thinking that I'd be traveling on the morrow, a noise arose in the shed next to where I was lying. The noise kept up at intervals, sounding like "Ooh, ooh, ooh, oohs." I could not figure out what was making the noise for it was the cold and not the noise that was keeping me awake. From three o'clock and on until daybreak the noise was heard and at the first peep of gray dawn I arose and dressed and left my room to do a little investigating.

Next to my room a shed had been built where a big rooster and a flock of hens were roosting. Then I understood what the noise was about and what the rooster was saying to his hens. Looking through the crack, no doubt, he saw me and said to his flock, "No danger, he's too cold, he's too cold to even think of anything more than a scrambled egg for breakfast."

Charlie and I

The only means of travel I had on my first charges was my faithful horse, Charlie, and a buggy. Later I changed to a little black pony named Deck. My first charge was a forty-mile circuit and consisted of eight churches. Most of these churches are stations now.

Paved rural roads were unknown then in our part of the country and in winter the mud was hub deep. On one occasion I was on my way to fill an appointment, wearing a new suit and feeling my best, when Charlie waded into a mud hole and gave a surge to get out. Instead of pulling the vehicle out of the mud, the singletree broke and I was left sitting in the buggy holding the lines. No help was in sight, so there was nothing left for me to do except get out, wade the mud, and patch up the singletree, then hitch Charlie back to the buggy and proceed on our way.

When I arrived at my destination both my new suit and shoes were covered in mud and I was far from presentable to my congregation.

The last month before the Annual Conferences was always a busy and anxious time for the preachers. I drove from house to house collecting small sums of money to pay the benevolences, some of which was given by the good women who had picked blackberries and sold them at ten cents per gallon in order to help send the gospel to all parts of the world.

Driving along late in the evenings, at times getting a whiff of the country ham and coffee the good mem-

bers were preparing for their suppers, I was prone to sing a few verses someone had paraphrased which ran like this:

“My money lies over the ocean,
My money lies over the sea.
My money lies over the ocean;
My stewards keep it all for me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed;
Last night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamed that my stewards were dead.

Bring back, bring back;
O bring back my stewards to me.”

Water Bucket

During my early ministry, in many rural churches, there was a custom of keeping a bucket of drinking water with a long-handled dipper in it in the rear of the church. All during the service, men, women, and children would walk back to quench their thirst, all drinking from the same dipper and putting it back in the bucket each time it was used.

This reminds me of the story of Rastus, who was told that he must improve the sanitary conditions in his home. The following week he met the doctor and reported in this manner: “I has carried out your orders. We bought a sanitary drinking cup and we all is drinking from it.”

It Was Funny

Many things happen as we journey through life. Fifty years ago I preached my first sermon at Marvin Church when assigned to the Forsyth Circuit composed of eight churches. This was a little white church in the wildwood. The congregation was not large but there sat in the amen corner that day an old man wearing a goatee. When I raised my voice he would wipe a tear from his eye. This puzzled me, for I could not think of anything I was saying that would cause him to cry. Thinking that he was just a good old man, I preached on for about twenty minutes and then dismissed the congregation. As I said "Amen," he leaped over the pulpit, grabbed me by the hand and said, "Preacher man, how will you swap knives?" Later I learned that he was an inmate from the county home.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep!

At one of the rural churches fifty years ago the mothers brought their babies to church; for in those days baby sitters were unknown. Baby spankers knew how to keep the little ones quiet during the services. They would place brown sugar in a soft piece of cloth and just about the time the preacher announced his text they would slip the cloth containing the sugar into the baby's mouth. The babies would bear down on the sugar "tit." I watched them and when the last morsel of sugar was being consumed I knew it was time to sing, "Sweeter as the years go by." Amen.



MARVIN CHURCH

The frame building was erected in 1884 and was put together with wooden pegs. It served its purpose well and was used as a house of worship until 1929 when it was replaced by the handsome house of worship now in use.



Marvin Church, 1957

The Hog Wagon

When I was a boy I did not know anything about automobiles and trucks. The old covered wagon afforded means of transportation and created a song, "We'll wait for the wagon and we'll all take a ride, 'Tis a Southbound wagon and we'll all take a ride." In those days there passed by my father's house occasionally a man who had built a large rack and placed it on his wagon for hauling hogs, and as a lad I enjoyed throwing rocks at the wagon to hear them squeal, then I would hide. Many years passed and I was serving a church in a city when a call came to me to visit a man who was seriously ill in a local hospital. Upon entering the room I immediately recognized him as the driver of the hog wagon and he remembered me as the boy who threw stones at his hogs. During his active days he had been busy with the material things of life and had given little time and thought to things spiritual. Now he had time to meditate and realize his great need. He said, "I am nearing the crossing and I want you to pray with me and explain what I must do to be saved." This I did and he believed on Christ and I baptized him. After the service he said, "I am so happy for I know in whom I have believed."

A few days later when he crossed the Great Divide I had a feeling that the sunset was clear and there were no clouds to dim the glory of his crossing.

Turkey in the Tree

You can't wish yourself into happiness, but you can get a lot of joy out of living. What you put into life is what you are going to get out of it. Life is much like canning fruit. If you can large ripe tomatoes or peaches, that's the kind of fruit you will serve your family and friends. If you preserve scrubby fruit you will have food of poor quality.

While serving as Presiding Elder and later as District Superintendent I had many pleasant visits with my ministers and their families. In those days some of the good people in the rural churches would pay on salaries with molasses, potatoes, pumpkins, etc. How well do I remember at one of the quarterly conferences when two of the officials donated two goats for the advancement of the Kingdom and to bring their pledges to the pastor's salary up to date.

The good pastor, after feasting on goat meat for a number of weeks, gained strength and vigor and went up and down the circuit doing a grand job, one of the best ever known on that circuit.

Another story I wish to relate occurred after an evening service and involved the pastor. The pastor had been fortunate in securing some fine turkeys. Thanksgiving Day was just around the corner. The good preacher was anxious to donate one of his fine birds to his Presiding Elder, but the turkey had no intention of leaving home. When the preacher attempted to put it in a box, by super effort, the bird slipped out of the parson's hand and lit on a limb far

up in the top of an old pine tree. He looked down and began saying, "Put, put, put," but my good preacher was determined that I must have the turkey, so he tried to stone him off the perch. His aim was inaccurate and the turkey would only say "put, put. put."

My friend decided that he would climb the tree but the going was hard and the turkey, seeing him coming up the tree, flew over into another one and said, "I'm not moving until daybreak." Here we had to give up, realizing, "that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

This brought to mind what an old colored man had to say when a big fat rabbit he was holding gave one desperate leap and was free. There the old man stood looking. Finally he said, "Go it, rabbit. You are dry meat anyway."

Just as the turkey saved his life by parking high in the old pine tree, we can gain much ground and feel safer by thinking the pure thoughts and looking up and living with our faces turned Heavenward.

From higher ground the scene is more beautiful.

"Lord, lift me up and let me stand,
By faith on Heaven's table land.
A higher plane than I have found,
Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."

Old Churches

In many rural areas where the churches were once the center of all community activities, many changes have taken place. Many of the leaders in church and community affairs have moved into town and some of our fine old churches have been abandoned.

I remember an unusual occurrence in a rural church where preaching services were held once each month. Two little birds had found an opening in a window or some other place where they could enter the building and had built a nest in the collection plate. The good people of the church, who loved their little feathered friends, did not disturb them and allowed them to lay their eggs and raise their young ones in a safe place.

In an old church in the wildwood among the hills where I had gone to preach and conduct a Quarterly Conference, my brother preacher informed me that when I entered the church my eyes would behold a scene like I had never confronted before. It was the custom of the people when a death occurred to hang a wreath or spray of flowers on the wall of the church.

When I had time to diagnose the case, I informed the congregation that I knew the church was dead but I had never known one to have such a costly funeral.

Since then the dead flowers have been removed and much progress is being made at the present time.

The Big Lizard

It was on a hot summer afternoon. The revival was in full swing at old Knox Church. Rev. J. O. Banks was doing the preaching, while Brother Y. D. Poole was amening. A visitor entered the church to ascertain from first-hand knowledge what was happening.

The visitor was none other than an old-fashioned fence lizard that might have entered the church to cool his rusty back after taking a long sunshine bath. Not having been a regular attendant at the church, the big lizard enjoyed running around and around and up and down the aisle of the church.

Finally Brother Banks said, "It is time for prayer and I want those who are interested in the revival to kneel at the altar while Brother Poole leads us in prayer"

Just as the people knelt at the altar the lizard put in his appearance and with one effort ran up the pants leg of Brother Poole. Mr. Poole jumped high in the air, calling to one of his stewards by the name of Tom H., saying, "Catch him, Tom, catch him!"

Tom made an earnest effort but by that time preacher, lizard, and Tom had reached the open spaces where the lizard was killed, having reached the shoulder of the preacher by traveling the pants road.

Many interesting things happen along the journey of life, but that day an old fence lizard caused more activity and excitement in five minutes in that church than had taken place in years.

Little Dog Tip

In the early days of my ministry while serving the Forsyth Circuit I spent many happy hours in the homes of my parishioners and friends in the various communities where my eight churches were located. Those were typical horse and buggy days, as good roads were an unknown quantity. At times the mud was so deep that one could not travel by buggy but must either walk or ride horseback. Often it was necessary that I spend a day and night in a farm home and many pleasant memories linger with me as I recall the hours spent sitting before an open fire, where the logs burned brightly and conversation lasted until late hours of night.

One of the homes was located near Mt. Tabor Church, about eight miles west of Winston-Salem. This was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Boose. The sons, Charles, Bob, and Henry, took great delight in welcoming the young minister in their home and, along with their parents, showed a warm spirit of hospitality. These boys owned a little feist dog named Tip that was always on hand to greet a guest.

Mrs. Boose, whose ancestors were Dutch, was an excellent cook and prided herself on the many delectable dishes she prepared for her family. Chicken has always been a favorite food of the Methodist circuit rider and the Boose table was amply supplied with this choice meat.

One Saturday afternoon as I was driving down the lane to the Boose home, little dog Tip met me about

two hundred yards from the house. After taking one look at the pony and two at the driver, he left with the speed of a Diesel engine, sped past the house into the barnyard where the chickens were gathered together and began chasing an old hen.

Mrs. Boose, hearing the commotion, rushed into the yard, broom in hand, calling to Tip and trying to stop him. However, her efforts were in vain, as the dog did not stop until he had caught a bird from the flock. Just at that time I drove into the yard and Mrs. Boose, seeing me, laughingly remarked that she might have known the preacher was coming.

Speed

In his young days my brother Will went courting every Sunday afternoon and stayed until late at night. Coming home from seeing his best girl one dark Sunday night about twelve o'clock, he put his filly in the stable and climbed into the haymow to give the animal a late supper. He was not aware of the fact that a hobo had taken shelter in the barn and was asleep in the hay.

When he stooped down to pick up an armful of hay he not only got the hay but picked up the sleeping man as well. Needless to say that he quickly tossed both out of the mow. The intruder hit the ground running and when last heard from was passing the north star. I have often wondered which of the two was more frightened.

Little Dog Wimpy

In the past weeks we have heard much about the Russian man-made moon and the doggie that went up on high, but the most interesting dog that I can think of was owned by Rev. A. C. Gibbs. On one occasion while visiting with Brother Gibbs, he said to me, "I want to show you how well-trained my dog is." Then he spoke to his dog saying, "Which had you rather be, an editor or a dead dog?" At that moment the little dog lay down on his back, raised his paws, and closed his eyes as if stiff and cold in the arms of death.

Another interesting act which Wimpy performed when told to say his prayers was to lay his head on his front paws upon a low stool, close his eyes and remain in this position until someone said Amen.

NOTE: To teach a dog tricks the trainer must have more intelligence than the dog.

Sayings of Grandchildren

Mother: "Susan, were all the children present at your kindergarten today?"

Daughter Susan: (age 5) "No, Mother, two were abscessed."

Joseph S. the 3rd upon trying his first ride on a young burro was thrown to the ground. When asked why Granddaddy did not hold the burro down he replied; "He held him down pretty well, he held the front end down while the back end went up."

Trippy (age 5) asked why a certain lady who had taught school for a number of years had creases in her forehead, then he asked, "Are they service stripes?"

When Life Begins

A gentleman who had employed a colored girl to do housekeeping asked her to answer the telephone, as he was expecting a long distance call from New York. When he returned to the house he asked if the call had come in. She said, "Yes, the gentleman said this is long distance from New York," and I said "It is, and hung up."

The boy said to his best girl, "I haven't been able to sleep or eat since I met you."

She said, "Are you sick?"

He said, "No, I'm broke."

Life begins when a person begins to think. Isn't it wonderful to be able to think?

As you think you are,

As you are you act,

And as you act you live.

Think the pure and you will live the noble.

You cannot blot out the truth or kill the truth teller or obliterate a golden sunset. Therefore, it behooves us to think cheerful thoughts. I have had a few close shaves. While hunting with a nephew, his gun accidentally discharged and I got the contents of the load and it was several hours before medical attention could be secured. But one of the closest shaves I've ever had was when I was strolling around the yard of a friend one hot summer night not knowing that a billy goat was near. The goat had been stalking me and when I started to step on the porch he made a pass,

missing me by inches. Had his aim been accurate, he would have knocked me from Amazing Grace into a floating opportunity.

I'm thinking also of the time when a brother preacher and myself spent the night in the home of one of his members. My brother minister and I had worked hard in the revival and both were weary. On receiving our assignment late in the night to an upstairs room where the heat was bearing down, we stretched out on a straw tick leaving the windows wide open. There were no screens and just about that time a quartet of mosquitoes entered the room, followed by a full choir singing, "Oh Cousins! Cousins! We're coming to get you." We decided at once to place the straw tick on the floor, which we did, but the next morning we discovered that we had kicked the straw all over the floor and the mosquitoes were whetting their bills for breakfast.

On another occasion we were having a lively prohibition campaign. Preachers and laymen were fighting hard to defeat John Barleycorn and there was much sadness when Barleycorn put out to sea. I was driving home from a service a short time before election day and as I passed a farmhouse a flock of guineas lit on an old tree lap and began to sing "Vote, vote, vote for prohibition, Vote for prohibition."

I told this story the next speech I made and after the election a lawyer who was on the opposite side of the question said the prophecy made by your guineas sure has come true. It pays to look on the bright side

of every experience. When you see a person going around with a chip on his shoulder, remember he didn't get it from the lumber yard, "but from the block above," and most of his deeds are like the Chinaman who blew out the light to see how dark it was. Think of the blessings that come from sharing your joys with others.

I once read of an old lady who lived a miserable life and when she passed on, a strict search was instituted. An old bustle was found hidden away in a trunk containing twenty-five thousand dollars. When I read the story I said, "That is too much money to leave behind."

We all have our joys and sorrows, but the Master expects us to be ambassadors of good will and joy. In an old-fashioned grocery store in Winston-Salem I asked an aged colored man, whose hair had turned gray with the frost of the years, if he didn't have the worst ancestors to be mentioned. He replied, "No sir, I've had measles, chicken pox, and other ailments but I've never had ancestors."

Life begins when a person begins to hope. Hope sings and sings in the dark. Hope is like the cork on a fish net. The cork keeps the net from sinking and hope keeps one from giving up in despair. You may possess much of the world's goods and fail, but if you have hope you can rise above any misfortune. When sick or discouraged we hope for a better day. I am fond of cherries and while passing a cherry orchard one May day I could imagine that there was

a big snail climbing one of the cherry trees and half way up a big beetle looked out from behind a piece of bark and said, "There are no cherries on this tree," and I think the snail replied, "There will be when I get to the top."

While driving an old Model-A Ford my hopes were sometimes lifted with the thought of owning a better car. At last this was realized, but I've often stated that my Model-A would make seventy miles an hour on any road, thirty straight and forty up and down.

We hope for a day when peace will be the desire of every nation and people on earth, but keep in mind that the brotherhood of man begins with the manhood of the brother, and he who hopes for more schools, churches and hospitals, homes for orphans and aged people will not be disappointed. Too, life begins when a person begins to love. Love is two hearts tugging at the same load. Christianity is love, sympathy, and service. Love is the only thing that can build a home. Happiness is where people love and your love and my love for a cause is measured not by what we say but by what we do. Love is a booster for peace and joy and it pays to be a booster and with boosters take your stand, with kindness in your heart and service in your hands.

We are children of one God, the Father of mankind. By loving the beautiful, thinking the pure, and acting the noble we can make the world a better place

in which to live. Without an abiding love for that which is right life loses its meaning.

An experienced teacher in one of our colleges many, many years ago told this story: Once upon a time a big bull was grazing knee deep in clover, but by some mishap swallowed a live bumblebee. Walking to the side of the pasture, he lay down beneath the shade of an old apple tree and went to sleep. But when the bull went to sleep the bumblebee woke up and when the bumblebee woke up the bull was gone.

My dear friends, you are not old and the motto I give you is: "*Never go to sleep on your job.*" Amen.

Went to Sleep

I once had a friend named Wiley who was great to visit the people in his neighborhood and stay late at night. After having made his rounds during the week he never failed to attend church.

He related to me this story of a night service at his church. Knowing that his pastor would pray a long prayer, he decided to take a nap and when the preacher said, "Let us pray," he dropped on his knees, leaned his head on an old-fashioned church pew and at once went to sleep. He said that when he awoke there were two old sisters, one on either side, fanning him and begging him to give up his sins and come through for the Lord, but he never confessed to them that he was on a non-stop flight rather than seeking the Lord.

He Balked

In the circuit rider's day he had to fill three appointments each Sabbath on the wide, wide circuits. Eleven, two-thirty, and eight o'clock were the hours best suited for the rural people.

One Sabbath morning my horse became lame and I called on my congregation for transportation to the afternoon service at a church several miles from the morning appointment. A good farmer let me have his buggy and mule. The mule was very large and appeared to have a thick hide and short recollection. When I would warm him up he either forgot the warming or enjoyed the special attention given him. Like the mule described by Buffalo Bill, he had a head of his own, walked at times and increased his speed at times.

I was rather nervous for fear I would be late for my afternoon appointment, and kept telling the long-eared animal that he was on a different mission than when hitched to a plow and making rounds in a ten-acre field.

Traveling on, we came in sight of the church where horses and mules were hitched to the trees in the grove. At the sight of the other animals, my mule, for some unknown reason, came to a standstill in the middle of the road, raised his head and began heehawing, and would not budge a step. I communicated with him by sign language, thinking he might be deaf, but with no avail. He didn't seem to care if the

congregation had to wait. Then of his own free will he decided to start the buggy wheels rolling. We arrived in time and the mule was tied to a tree.

After the services, when the mule realized he was homeward bound, I don't think I could have stopped him by offering a choice bit of oats and corn, for he appeared to have a longing desire to reach home and stay in his place on the farm rather than become an assistant in the matter of spreading the gospel.

Bell

One afternoon while conducting a revival meeting in Davie County, the pastor, who was very aggressive if he was privileged to serve on a committee of one, had discovered that the church bell by some freak performance had turned upside down. Without calling on any of the boys to climb the ladder and put the bell in place, the preacher ascended the ladder with the purpose of placing the bell in ringing position. There was at least a gallon of water in the bell which he promptly emptied on top of his head, taking the starch out of his Sunday white shirt and giving him a general cooling off for the afternoon service.

I looked at him several times while I was preaching. I thought he was thinking of the song, "Listen to the blackbird, singing to the crow, 'Tain't gonna rain no more."

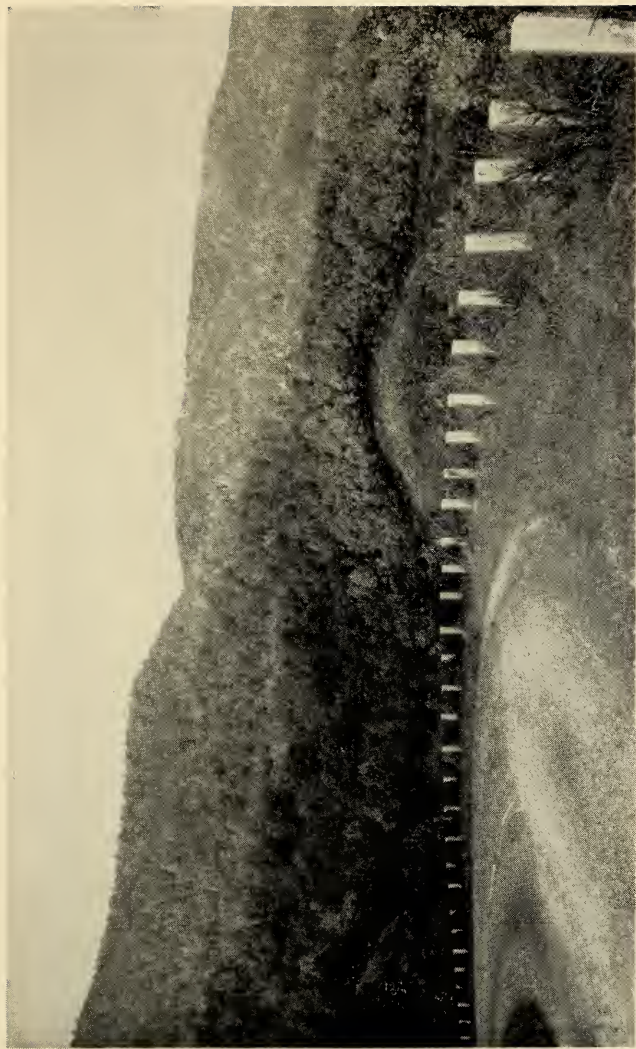
Our Beautiful World

We live in a beautiful world and the group who has the audacity to tell us that the world is a howling wilderness is doing most of the howling. In the autumn season each year the Divine Artist paints the forests with blazing colors which can only be painted by the One who created a beautiful world for man to live in. Upon the sourwoods and dogwoods he places a deep red, upon the poplars and maples he places the bright yellows and gold, and upon the oaks he places various shades of crimson and russets. The glory of God is seen on the mountainside and in the valley, and those who appreciate beauty should strive to make their lives grow in beauty like a flower. Growth is the most marvelous thing in the world.

A Christian botanist was found at work in his laboratory over his microscope watching the unfolding of a flower. When asked what he was doing, he replied, "I am watching God at work. This is the spirit of God."

Advice

An old fisherman had been advised that the fishing was good down by the old log at the creek. Instead of sitting on the bank the old man cooned out on the log and fell in the water. When asked by a friend, "How did you come to fall in?" he replied, "I didn't come to fall in. I came to fish."



"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." (Psalm 121:1).
(Picture by C. C. Poindexter, Elkin, N. C.)



Ardmore Methodist Church, Winston-Salem, Built 1925

Goodness at Work

He went about doing good. Acts 10: 38

Love never forgets. We are only remembered by what we have done. A good deed was never lost. Your conduct is your creed in action. Jesus while on earth went about ministering unto the needy of His day and when the hour arrived for Him to return to His Father's house, commissioned His servants to carry on in building a better world, assuring those who were faithful in helping to make the world a better place in which to live that they were not enlisted in a losing cause, that the "Kingdom of darkness would some day become the kingdom of light." Like good soldiers, we are to carry on by precept and example.

But what is meant by goodness? "Goodness is love at work." It is visiting the sick, it is carrying the basket of flowers to the hospital, it is giving the smile instead of the frown, it is donating books for our soldier and sailor boys, it is supporting the Red Cross and other kindred organizations, it is helping men to think the pure and act the noble. It is doing golden deeds without reward. It is keeping hell out of men and endeavoring to get heaven into men. "It is Christianity in action." "A man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds."

A little girl prayed, "O Lord, make all the bad people good and all the good people nice." A man may pride himself and speak of his goodness with a loud voice, yet he may be plenty mean, his heart may be filled with jealousy, envy, selfishness, hatred, and in-

tolerance. Good people are kind and gentle. They practice what they preach and their neighbors have confidence in them. They are not like the man who professed much but possessed only enough religion to make him cranky and his neighbors labeled him as not being as contrary all the time as he was at other times.

Mrs. Wiggs of the cabbage patch story speaks of feeble goodness. God doesn't honor that kind of goodness. He wants us to stand for the truth; stand for what cannot be blotted out. Of a certainty, you can kill the truth teller but you cannot kill the truth. And when we know the truth, the truth will make us free. Hitler couldn't change springtime and the beauty that came with it. You might as well try to blot out the glory of a golden sunset as to try to blot out truth and beauty. The man who speaks of the world as a howling wilderness is doing most of the howling. You can write a man up or you can write him down but the community will learn to appreciate him for just about what he is worth. "There goes the greatest man in town," was the compliment paid an old blacksmith in the days gone by. And why is he the greatest? Because he is kind and considerate to all people, always looking for something good in man, kind to the little children, and where there is sorrow or trouble, there the old blacksmith is found doing good in so many ways. We should remember that man is not great because he owns something but because he is something.

He who loves the Lord and hates evil and gives of his best to destroy evil will own something.

One is reminded of the lady who stood up to the bombing in London with amazing grit. When asked the secret, she said, "Well, every night I say my prayers and then I say 'To 'ell with 'itler!' and then I remember how the parson told us that God was always watching so I goes to sleep. After all, there is no need for two of us to lie awake."

To the man who goes about doing good, life to him is a school of experience, but heaven he knows will give him the post graduate course. To do good and to deal justly is the whole duty of man. And duty is the path we all must travel in order to reach God. And I have faith to believe as there is a difference in men, in what they say and do and the way they live, there will be a difference when we cross the great divide as illustrated in the old Korean legend.

"Once upon a time, according to an ancient Korean legend, a certain man, noted for his pity and great generosity, came to the end of his earthly journey. As was his due, when the decree of his ultimate destiny was declared, he was accorded the reward of Heaven, and thereto was he escorted.

"When greeted at the Pearly Gates, however, he hesitated to enter. Then, to the questioning gaze of St. Peter, the worthy mortal made explanation—and request: 'Please, Sire, ere I enter the Celestial City, do you mind if I have just one wee peep at Hell—to see what it is really like down there?'

“‘You won’t like it,’ warned St. Peter, ‘but even so, if you’ve never seen its like, you’d better have a look—and hurry back.’

“As swiftly as thought could convey him, he dropped from the heights to the depths and stood at the Gateway of Hell and looked in. To his amazement he beheld the dining hall, vast, inviting, and full of huge tables sumptuously laden with all kinds of delectable edibles. His mouth fairly watered at the sight.

“‘But this can’t be Hell!’ he exclaimed to one of the imps close by, ‘it’s all too wonderful.’

“‘Wait, and see,” grunted the little devil at his side.

“Hardly had he spoken when a great bell sounded, and in came a vast multitude from everywhere. They were lean, gaunt, ghastly creatures, starved apparently into skeletons—though in the midst of plenty. For fastened to the forearms of each were yard-long forks and spoons. They could reach the food, but for the life of them they could not get it to their mouths, struggle as they would. There was plenty for all, but each was impotent to feed himself. It was Hell right enough.

“The visitor had seen enough. It was too awful. He flew back to Heaven as speedily as possible—and fortunately was just in time for dinner there. Escorted to the Heavenly dining hall he beheld a sight so strikingly similar to the one he had just witnessed that he was bewildered. The Heavenly host came in—equipped with the same yard-long forks and spoons.

“‘But this can’t be Heaven!’ cried the newcomer. ‘It looks just like Hell to me!’

“But it was Heaven, all right, for all the happy host sat down amid all the bounty—and *began to feed each other!*”

Amen

While serving a large circuit I met many interesting characters. Well do I remember two local preachers who were stalwarts physically, big-hearted, and anxious to do good. When one was praying the other would Amen for him. On one occasion Rev. X used the following expression in his prayer, “Oh, Lord, we are standing on slippery ground and fiery billows are rolling beneath us.” His brother preacher said, “Amen, thank God for that.”

Blessed Are the Dead

(Delivered at Raleigh, at the Grand Lodge,
A. F. & A. M. of North Carolina.)

I. “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.”

II. Death is the triumphal archway through which we pass from this little earth to the boundless affairs of the Universe. Everything of tremendous interest is up ahead for all those who “Lay hold on eternal life.”

We live in a dying world. Death is written on every plant that grows, on every flower that blooms, on every mortal that breathes. Death is no respecter of persons. The learned, the unlearned, the rich and the poor must bow to the grim reaper. But it is not all of

life to live nor all of death to die. If we belong to the King in this life we shall live with the King in a land untouched by sin. Our friends who walk with us and give sweet counsel, and whisper words of comfort, pass on to the great beyond and leave us dreaming how very "fair it needs must be since they are there."

Today we pause to think of our departed brethren who walk with us no more in the flesh but still live in memory, affection, and kindly deeds. We express our deepest sympathy to the lodges and friends who have been visited by the Grim Reaper the past year.

"I cannot think of them as dead,
Who walk with me no more,
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally."

—FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER

We are only remembered by what we have done. "The only enduring monument that any human being can have is that one builded in life from love, appreciation and kindly service." A ship goes down in the

night, a thousand young lives are lost. A thousand builders of a better world are buried beneath the waves of a treacherous sea. There are heartaches and heartbreaks in homes everywhere. Thus the true Mason can quietly carry into those homes flowers of comfort and hope.

"If a man die shall he live again?" Yes, harvest time follows seedtime. God does not forget the tiny seed planted in the soil and God is not going to forget man created in His own image. When we have toiled faithfully in God's great workshop, we learn that life is precious with its charms and associations. After we have done our best we come to realize that our lives are still woefully incomplete and imperfect. We long for one more chance to do a better work, to paint a better picture, but in the land of beginning again we know:

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for
an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to
work anew.

And those that were good will be happy they shall sit
in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes
of camel's hair.

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul.

They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame,

But each for the joy of working, and each in his
separate star,

Shall draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of
Things as they are!

—RUDYARD KIPLING

Those who have met upon the level and parted on
the square are at rest. The dead have need of us no
more. They have left a world of strife, discord, and
confusion to dwell with the redeemed, and their as-
sociates are the holy ones of all ages. Thus if we live
well there will be no clouds to dim the glory of our
crossing.

“Already in the western sky the signs bid us pre-
pare to gather up our working tools and part upon
the square. We part upon the square below to meet
in heaven again; each tie that has been broken here
shall be cemented there; and none be lost around the
throne who parted on the square.”

“When men go down to the sea in ships,

’Tis not to sea they go;

Some isle or pole the mariners’ goal,

And thither they sail through calm and gale,
When down to sea they go.

When souls go down to sea by ships,
And the dark ship's name is Death,
Why mourn and wail at the vanishing sail?
Though outward bound, God's world is round,
And only a ship is Death.

When I go down to sea by ship
And death unfurls her sail,
Weep not for me, for there will be
A living host on another coast
To beckon and cry, "All hail!"

—ROBERT FREEMAN

The Lad and His Dog

Traveling on a wide, wide circuit with my good friend, the late Rev. D. A. Oakley, I shall never forget two stories he related concerning a little boy and his pet dog, and a hobo.

It seems that the boy's father wanted to get rid of the dog and made the boy many tempting promises. Finally, the boy agreed to part with his best friend and, with his father, carried the little dog to the express office for the purpose of sending him to another destination to a friend. Before the train arrived the little boy told his faithful playmate goodbye and wrote on the box containing the passenger, "Be good to this dog for some day you may have to take his place."

The Hobo

"Before the hitchhikers came into existence a few hobos and tramps would be seen sandwiching it from house to house through the country."

One day a hobo was tramping the roads when he saw a farmer working over his cow on the opposite side of the highway. The farmer called to him saying, "Come over and look at my cow."

The hobo examined the cow and said, "I once had a cow that acted just like yours and I gave her a pint of turpentine."

Later in the afternoon the tramp came back up the highway and noticed the farmer was fastening a chain around the cow's neck and getting ready to drag her out to the bone-yard. The farmer said, "Hey, mister, after you left this morning I gave my cow a pint of turpentine and she died."

The hobo said, "That's what mine did. Goodbye."

We had a colored woman working for us during the WPA days who wanted to attend many funerals. One morning she said, "Mrs. Hiatt, I wants to git off. I wants to attend a funeral of the man who was killed on Wilkinson Boulevard." When she returned from the funeral she said, "Mrs. Hiatt, that man wasn't hurt much. There wasn't a scar on his face, not a thing wrong except his neck was just broke."

What's My Line?

Sometime ago a lightning bug flew into an electric fan and then buzzed around the other bugs and said, "I am delighted." Friends, I am delighted to be with you on this happy occasion.

A short time ago I asked two of my friends to make a donation to fence in the cemetery and they wanted to know why the cemetery should be fenced in. I informed them that the people were dying to get in. Friends, I am thoroughly convinced that an after-dinner speaker that doesn't strike oil in three minutes after he begins talking should stop boring.

What's my line? I am an ambassador of good will. Good will means love among men. "Love is not a heresy hunter, but a kingdom builder." It is your privilege and should be a joy to scatter sunshine. An old lady when asked how she was feeling replied, "I'm just feeling fine." And then she said, "Excuse me, I was just thinking how bad I would feel when I do get sick."

This is the best age of the world's history because it is your age and my age and we should do our best to make it a better place in which to live. "The only difference in a big man and a little man is that one stopped growing." A man, like the Irishman's turtle with its head cut off, can be dead and not conscious of the fact, or like the colored brother who was reading an epitaph on a brother's tombstone which stated, "Not dead, but just sleeping."

He said, "Wal, if you is not dead, youse not foolin' anyone but you'self." The thing that we are interested in is the thing that we are willing to pay the price to maintain.

The father was interested in the prodigal son because he had a boy who was away from home.

The shepherd was interested in the lost sheep because he had a lamb that had gone astray.

The woman was interested in the lost coin for the reason that she had lost a piece of money while making change in the morning.

God is interested in the world because it is His world.

Sometime ago an expert called to see me and informed me of what would take place in the future. I told him I just read a statement that the hour might arrive when wool would be made out of cow's milk, and I also informed the expert, who was just an ordinary man a long way from home, I thought that would make the cows feel mighty sheepish. It is my business to join up with any worth while program, realizing that to accomplish anything worth while it is a long pull, a steady pull, but a pull together that counts. When everybody works and nobody shirks you can raise an organization from the dead. It is not so much what we say but what we do that counts.

In those good old days that so many people refer to, an Amen Brother, telling of his goodness, said, "Lord, fill me, fill me full." About that time someone whispered, "Don't do it, Lord. He leaks." Isn't it true

that we make a greater to-do over the non-essentials and forget to emphasize the essentials like the old fellow who said once upon a time he stole a sugar cured ham. He placed it under his coat and went to church where he thought he would not be molested. He said, "Bless goodness! when the preacher got up to preach he took as his subject, "Behold, the secret sin in your bosom, and bless your life, I never heard a preacher raise as much fuss over a little piece of meat as he did that night."

What's my line? It is to preach by precept and example. May I say if you are down in the mouth, think of Jonah, who came up all right.

A boy was walking down the street carrying a basket of crabs when an old man called to him saying, "If you don't get those crabs that are leaning over the edge of the basket pushed back, they are going to drop out."

The boy replied, "There is no danger of them falling out for the reason that there are two old crabs waiting to pull them down."

When you start up the hill there are but few to give you a lift, but if you start down grade there are those that will gladly give you a shove.

"The test of a man is the fight he makes,
The grit he daily shows,
The way he stands on his feet and takes
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,

When nothing his courage bars,
But it takes a real man to stand up and cheer
When some other fellow stars."

The Old Gives Way to the New

Friends, on this pleasant occasion with many beautiful decorations, good food, and good fellowship, I'm not going to waste any time in telling bald-headed men hair raising stories.

We have lived to see much of the old give way to the new. Mrs. Hiatt had a colored girl cleaning house who when asked why she left school so early in life, answered, "When I got to frictions I couldn't work 'em and I just pull'd out." But today the truth is as it was a hundred years ago; "it is easy enough to be pleasant when life flows along like a song, but the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

We have said goodbye to the old-fashioned candy pulling party, log rolling, corn husking, the old swimming hole, the outdoor reading room, the catchy tune of another day, "Go tell Aunt Patsy that the old gray goose is dead, the one she's been saving to make her feather bed." The feather bed, as we knew it, is a forgotten number as we rock and roll, but the old feather bed which was used the year round would warm you up so that you could pitch a high tune as you sang, "In the good old summertime." You were sleeping where it was knee deep in June but you did not feel like singing "Sweeter as the Days Go By." The

oil lamp, family organ and feather bed have been replaced by more modern commodities and the radio and television have helped to make the world one great neighborhood.

The old rail fence and rabbit gum are on the back list. "When a rabbit found a crack in the fence he gnawed a few inches of rail so he would recognize it the next night. If it was a good place to go through the fence, perhaps a dozen or more rabbits would use it." Along with many country boys, I bought my Christmas candy by selling rabbit fur. And to the boy who had the joy of tracking a rabbit in the snow, or of pushing back the trap door on a frosty morning to look into the eyes of a big fat rabbit, came a thrill never to be forgotten.

The old patent medicine salesman who parked on the corner lot and gave his sales talk, explaining in language that was convincing, his medicine would, if given a trial, cure all diseases. But the man and his cure-all have disappeared from the stage of action and no more is the chant heard "Come buy six bottles of this wonderful tonic for five dollars."

One such said that he had been taking his own medicine and had lived to the ripe old age of three hundred years. Two farmers heard the statement and said, "That's a lie." But when they asked his assistant if the medicine man was three hundred years old, he replied, "I do not know. I've only been with him two hundred years." This leads me to say, "It pays to be a

booster and with the boosters take your stand, with kindness in your heart and service in your hand."

Another landmark that has been given the back seat is the old debating society that met once a week in many of the schoolhouses to discuss various questions such as: "Resolved there is more pleasure in pursuit than in possession." I was told of a debate on this subject: "Resolved that it is safer on land than on sea." The committee rendered a decision that the best argument was in favor of the sea, but, as the committee had tried the land not the sea, they had voted to remain on the land.

Here is a report of two debates in the long ago:

In a country debating society the question for discussion was "Resolved that the horse is more useful than the cow." A long, lank mountaineer made the closing argument in favor of the cow. Growing eloquent, he said, "Honorable Judges, we concede all that our opponents have said in favor of the horse, but we claim for the cow all that is said in favor of the horse, and more. The cow is a work animal as well as the horse; moreover, the cow gives milk with which to feed the children; the flesh of the cow is used for food; her horns are made into combs and such things; then when the old cow lays down and dies we can take her hide, Honorable Judges, stretch it over the ridge pole for a roof on a house, and turn her tail up for a lightning rod."

I once read of the darkies debating on which is more important, the sun or the moon. Sam's argument



"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder is in the shock," it is revival meeting time in Carolina.

(Picture by C. C. Poindexter, Elkin, N. C.)



"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." MATT. 9:20

(Picture by Walt Burgiss, Elkin, N. C.)

ran this way, "De sun am de best. Dey can't be no doubt at that." Said Sam, "Look how much mo' light she can give den de moon."

"You ain't tryin' to convince me dat de daylight am better den de moonlight is you?" "Dat all right 'bout de sun givin' more light," replied Sam's opponent, "but you is got to 'member dat de moon deserves most credit 'cause de light she gives comes at night when it otherwise would be dark while de sun shines in daytime when it's light anyhow," an' dey couldn't answer dat, Sahl"

We have said goodbye to the horse and buggy age. Those were wonderful days when a young man called to see his best girl and said, "Are you ready to go for a drive?"

In this modern age, if a boy should propose to his girl while traveling in an airplane, they would be flying so fast she would not have time to answer before crossing another State. Or if they were driving over one of the good roads of North Carolina and he should pop the question, his new car would be going so fast that she could not answer before they would be in another county. This is indeed an age of speed; we have learned to drive faster and die quicker.

There is much uneasiness among the older people, who often remind us that times are not like they used to be. However, if these same people are spared to live long enough to see our young people take over and lead in world affairs, no doubt they will stand up and

cheer and say, "Hurrah for the young people! They are doing a much better job than we were able to do."

Think of what modern surgery is doing for the unfortunate. My sister had a tenant who worked on her farm by the name of Mr. B. He was so cross-eyed that when he cried the tears ran down his back and the doctor had to treat him for bacteria. Modern surgery today has eliminated imposing upon children what many generations ago they had to endure, going through life cross-eyed. It is also true that we seldom see a hare-lipped person. Plastic surgery has eliminated this handicap to the afflicted. One of the finest nurses in our hospital, after much plastic surgery, was really given a new lip.

Once I heard of a hare-lipped boy and girl who were sweethearts and when a lady asked the girl if they ever kissed, she said, "Yes, but it don't smack."

Two nieces were taking care of their Auntie. Polly, the parrot, didn't like the looks of Auntie and every time the old lady came in the room Polly would say, "I wish she was dead." Someone suggested that the girls borrow the preacher's parrot, stating that he had taught the parrot to use beautiful language.

The next morning when the old lady came in the living room Polly said, "I wish she would die," and the parrot which belonged to the preacher said, "Amen! Amen!"

(Address given at Rotary Club 1957).

Hiatt Spins Some Fine Philosophy

Members of the American Legion sat themselves down to a first class rabbit barbecue Tuesday night of last week, but there were other enjoyable features of the meeting, not the least of which was a brief address by Rev. J. S. Hiatt, presiding elder of the Statesville District. There was so much good homespun philosophy in what he had to say that we are giving a brief summary of his talk for the benefit of our readers.

RABBITS

"Post Commander Frank Anderson is a splendid fellow and a successful hunter. The first rabbit he ever shot he missed, and the second shot he fired he hit the same rabbit where he missed it. Having feasted on rabbit barbecue, you boys are full of the subject which I shall discuss for a few minutes. Rabbit, yes, Rabbit. That is a queer subject. But remember the queer things are never forgotten. One of the characteristics of a rabbit is that he uses his head. This cannot be said of all men. Man should use his head for something more than a hat rack or from keeping his ears from coming together. The man who uses his head is the man who counts. The expression, the reason he played the fool, he lost his head. Of course we mean that he lost control. Then later the news goes out, they picked up his remains with hoes and rakes, he used his horn and forgot his brakes.

"When a fellow at a hotel some years ago remarked that he did not know what to do with his week end,

a friend said, "Just put your hat on it." The man who uses his head knows that he enters 1932 a billionaire. Hands worth so many millions. Eyes worth so many millions. Feet worth so many millions. Appetite worth so many millions. Friends, we cannot gauge their worth in millions. It is great to be rich. After all, what matters a little material wealth? Some wise philosopher said he couldn't take any of it with him and if he did it would likely get burned up anyway. To use your head means that you want to live and let live. The wiser we are the less we hate. If we were a hundred per cent wise all bitterness and hatred would disappear and war would be done away with.

NOISE

"When Br'er Rabbit hears a noise he looks up. Isn't it great to look up? The look ahead is the look of faith and the look of hope. He who looks ahead is best prepared to look up.

"An airplane does a community good every time it passes for the reason that it causes people to look up. The skies are fair when we look up with the eye of faith. Try the 'up' tonic; cheer up, think up, pray up, and work up; better days are going to dawn for all. The rainbow of hope spans the sky.

"A man at the age of sixty years does not wear the same size trousers he did when a boy of twelve. Life is more than bones. 'Life is real, life is earnest.'

"You may write a man down or you may write him up, but the community will learn to value him for what he is worth. It is what we know to do and do it

that counts. Today is your opportunity, tomorrow is someone else's opportunity; opportunity spoils if kept waiting. Every member of this post should resolve to do good, to be kind, to remember those who suffer in hospitals and in their humble homes.

SPEED

"In the danger hour Br'er Rabbit depends on speed. Noise does not denote speed. A jack rabbit has no voice. Better progress is made by steering wisely than by honking the horn. It takes two to see Br'er Rabbit when the hounds are in sight—one to say here he comes and another to say yonder he goes. Br'er Rabbit knows that his enemies are many. Thus, you and I must realize that our enemies are many. Vices are to be conquered. Justice must be given all men regardless of race or color. Perhaps the greatest victory man ever won was when he conquered self. Your buddies won the World War. Why not use every means possible to forever annihilate war. War that means destruction. War that destroys property. War that wastes the young manhood and leaves nations in bankruptcy and suffering men in hospitals to await the coming of the pale horse of death.

SHELTER

"When hotly pursued by the hounds, Br'er Rabbit seeks shelter and protection in the bramble briars or beneath a ledge of rocks. When shells were bursting and machine gun bullets went whizzing through the air you, dear friends, thought of finding shelter. Toplady seeking shelter during a storm beneath a great

rock cliff cried out, 'Rock of Ages, Cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.' Charles Wesley when pursued by his enemies and his soul was troubled wrote the great hymn, 'Jesus Lover of My Soul, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly.'

"How true it is that when the great bell of eternity tolls we can seek shelter beneath the everlasting arms of Him whose 'grace is sufficient.'

"Then I beg you to live with that thought in mind. Sidney Lanier in his lovely poem about the marsh hen conveys the thought I want you to grasp. I quote a few lines:

"'As the marsh hen secretly builds on a watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of
God.

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen
flies,

In the freedom that fills all the space,

Twixt the earth and the skies.

By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me ahold of the Greatness of
God.'"

*The Statesville Daily Record.

Enjoy Life, It's Later Than You Think

(Address given to Civic Clubs)

On an old Chinese garden wall in the long ago there was a sentence written and when interpreted read thus: "Enjoy life, it's later than you think."

If a man is born ugly he can't help it but if he lives to reach forty and doesn't make any improvement there is something badly wrong.

When a baby is born into the world the baby cries while father and mother and loved ones smile. Now when the scene changes and loved ones surround the bed of a dying father and grandfather, weeping, if he looks up and smiles his life was not in vain.

These are busy days and when you see an undertaker mingling with a crowd shaking hands, keep in mind that he is not out on a pleasure trip, for his organization was the first one to establish the lay-away plan and remember that he'll be the last man in the neighborhood to let you down.

You can't live in the past, you can't live in the future. You can only live in the present and time is more precious than gold if you haven't but a few hours in which to live. And time is more precious than love if you haven't time to express it.

To you fine ladies I wish to give this toast:

"If man has won fame in this world,
A woman helped him win it;
If you will look up all the facts
You'll find a woman in it."

Two ladies met on a street and one of them remarked, "Have you thought of the changes that have been and are taking place in the world?" The other replied, "Yes, since last we met I have had my teeth out and a refrigerator and an electric stove put in."

The little brown school house which stood on the brow of the hill has been replaced by the modern consolidated school and the one-room church by a modern structure. We have more good roads and more ways to travel and more clothes and better food than we ever had before. Medical science has conquered diphtheria, smallpox, rabies, typhoid, pneumonia, polio, and we hope that in the near future the dreaded disease cancer will be conquered.

When we were hoping and praying for peace, President Eisenhower made the statement that he was going to get our boys out of the muddy, bloody trenches. A wealthy man asked the question, "How do you think it will affect stocks?" Deep in my heart I thought, "Alas that gold should be so dear and flesh and blood so cheap."

We're going to die or grow old, and growing old is like dressing or undressing in an upper Pullman berth; few can do it gracefully.

We may sing, "Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, make me a child again just for tonight," but only in your imagination when you reach the age of seventy can you "Meet Maggie down by the old mill stream" or "Swing on the old grapevine," or "See Nellie home from Aunt Dinah's quilting party."

I think the good wife should quote to her husband on their wedding anniversary:

“Will you love me in December
As you love me now in May?
Will you love me when I’m old
And my hair is turning gray?”

An old man and wife were seated before an open fireplace. He had been rather moody toward the old lady. Finally he got up courage enough to say, “Old lady, I’m proud of you,” and she, being somewhat deaf, replied, “I’m tired of you, too.”

I have read of a man who bought a gas range and in demonstrating it to his wife he turned the wrong gadget and blew up the stove and they both landed in the yard. A neighbor passing remarked, “That’s the first time I’ve seen them go out together in five years.”

Enjoy life, its later than you think.

We advertise by our deeds. An off-brand preacher painted on an old board fence the question, “After death what then?” A salesman for a drug company answered the question by painting on the next board, “Use arnica salve. It cures all burns.”

Therefore, do not pet a pessimistic bumblebee when it stings you, but have faith, like the old Quaker carrying a long rifle on his shoulder when our country was a wilderness, who met an atheist, and when the atheist asked him where he was going he replied, “To the meeting house.”

"For what purpose?" asked the atheist.

He said, "To worship God."

The atheist asked him, "You don't believe there is a God?"

The old Quaker replied, "Yes, I believe there is a God that created the sun, moon, and stars and the rolling streams, the snowcapped mountains, the great forests, and the many beautiful flowers, and put a divine note in the songbird's throat to praise Him in the early hours of the morning and to sing lullabies at night."

The atheist said, "You sure do believe in a big God. And you believe that God will protect you?"

The Quaker said, "I do."

"And you don't believe you'll die until your time comes?"

The Quaker said, "No."

Then the atheist asked, "Why are you carrying that rifle on your shoulder?"

The old Quaker replied, "I might meet an Indian on the way whose time has come."

We live in a new world. A few years ago when you men came home from your work you asked your good wives, "What's cooking?" Today when you come home you ask, "What's thawing?"

Here is a picture of the work Grandmother used to do:

"Grandma," on a wintry day,
Milked the cows and fed them hay;
Saddled the mule,

And got the children off to school.
Did the washing, scrubbed the floors,
Washed some windows and did some chores;
Cooked a dish of home-dried fruit,
Pressed her husband's Sunday suit.
She swept the parlor and made the bed,
And baked a dozen loaves of bread;
Split some some firewood and then tugged in
Enough to fill the kitchen bin;
Cleaned the lamp, filled it with oil
And stewed some apples she thought might spoil.
She made a supper that was delicious,
And afterward washed all the dishes.
She fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes,
And mended a basketful of hose;
Then opened the organ and began to play
"When you come to the end of a perfect day."

—J. W. CLAY

If you would enjoy life, think the pure and act the noble. As you measure, it shall be measured unto you again. Friends, keep in mind that the Golden Age is not in the past but in the future and the Golden Age will come to this old world when in economics, politics, love and marriage men sit at the feet of Jesus and keep His commandments. What you believe affects your daily attitude. I believe there is one God, the Father of all mankind, and all the darkness in the world cannot put out the light of the smallest candle.

"A blind boy stood beside a loom
And wove a fabric; to and fro

Beneath his firm and steady touch
He made the busy shuttle go.
'How can you weave?' we pityingly cried,
The blind boy smiled, 'I do my best;
I make the fabric good and strong.
And one who sees does all the rest.'
O happy thought! Beside life's loom,
We blindly strive our best to do.
And He who marked the pattern out
And holds the thread, will make it true."

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Asafetida

As a lad I attended a one-room school, known as the "free school," but not free space as the building was always crowded. Some of the parents, who had remedies for all ailments, would tie a small piece of asafetida around their child's neck, believing that it would ward off croup and colds. The asafetida was worse than the disease, which reminds me of the story of the boy who went to the drug store to buy five cents worth of this well known medicine. When the purchase was made he said to the clerk, "Charge it."

The clerk said, "What is your name?"

He replied, "Honeyfuzzle."

"You may have it for nothing," replied the clerk.
"I wouldn't spell Honeyfuzzle and asafetida for five cents."

They Recognized Me

Every person's life is an interesting story. A story well told can never be forgotten as we travel along life's highway. As people grow older they talk about the good old days on the farm, but seldom, if ever, do they hang up the fiddle and the bow and take down the shovel and the hoe.

A writer has recorded his thoughts when he visited the home of his boyhood in these words:

“As I wondered 'round the homestead,
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I seemingly had forgot.
There the orchard-meadow, yonder,
The deep old-fashioned well,
With its old moss covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.”

As we jot down the interesting stories of the day we are made to realize that one story is replaced by another.

The story that I am about to relate happened on a Sunday afternoon after I had preached my first sermon to a new congregation. The congregation was large, the church music was beautiful and uplifting. The members greeted the new pastor with vim and vigor which would be revived again in a wholesale manner at Christmas.

On leaving the town on my way home I picked up two boys who were hitchhiking. Having changed my preaching clothes, I was dressed in an everyday busi-

ness suit. The boys were different from the boy with an air rifle on his shoulder. When asked, "Where are you going?" the boy said, "Hunting."

"What are you hunting for?"

The boy said, "I don't know. I haven't seen it yet."

The hitchhiking boys had a definite destination in mind. My new traveling companions soon engaged in a rambling conversation. I asked them where they were going and they said, "To see our best girls in a town several miles down the road."

I told them that I was traveling that way and would land them safely at the place they hoped to reach in a short time.

Then I asked if they knew the preacher that had been assigned to the church in their town. They replied, "Yes, we heard him preach this morning." And one of the boys said, "I want to tell you that he is a — good preacher," using an adjective that could not be used by a preacher unless it was arranged in different order.

At that moment I raised my hat and one of the boys recognized me and said, "You are the preacher we heard this morning." I took a good laugh at my new friends, while they seemed as much embarrassed as the groom we read about who kissed the preacher and gave his bride ten dollars. From that day on my friends never missed a church service, until they were called to fight under Old Glory.

I missed them after they marched away with

thousands of others to serve as good soldiers of the old U. S. A.

What a joy it would be to meet and greet them as I did on that Sabbath afternoon when they were hitchhiking to see their best girls and I gave them a lift, realizing then as now:

“Cheerful company shortens the miles.”

The Best Fish Story Ever Told

Fishermen never lie. They just stretch their imagination, for they know they are dealing with watered stock. It seems that once upon a time two fishermen were fishing on a cold day, having had to break the ice before dropping the bait to lure members of the finny tribe.

Fishing several feet apart, Fisherman No. 1 walked to where his friend was seated saying, “I had the most exciting experience of my life. A short time ago I landed a fish that measured twenty-six inches.”

Fisherman No. 2 replied, “I had a much richer experience than the one you have just related. I hooked something that pulled like a dead piece of wood but when I landed my catch it was a lantern with the light still burning. On the side of the lantern was the inscription ‘1875.’”

Fisherman No. 1 said, “Friend, we are too far apart and I’ll make you a proposition. I’ll subtract twenty inches from that twenty-six-inch fish I caught if you’ll blow out that lantern.”

Adolphus

One important person in any church is the church janitor. His duties are to keep the building clean, warm or cool according to the season of the year, and always ready for any service that may arise. In one of our larger churches was such a man, not only a good janitor but a good man. When the Annual Conference was to meet at this church the ladies decided to give the building a general house-cleaning and to supervise the work themselves. Along with the other workers the janitor was not only doing his share of the work but was trying to carry out the orders of all the women regardless of the fact that before he could finish any one task some lady would call him to begin another or to change the method of the one he was doing. He was moving along in a cheerful manner when a spectator remarked to him: "Adolphus, how is it that you never seem fretted or lose your temper?" He replied, "Well, it is like this. I throw my disposition into neutral and keeps on going."

How wonderful life could be for each of us and how much worry we could avoid if we would follow the example of the old janitor by throwing our dispositions into neutral and going ahead just doing our best. "For it is easy enough to be pleasant

When life flows along like a song,

But the man worthwhile is the man who can smile

When everything goes dead wrong."



Waterfall on Elk Creek

(Picture by C. C. Poindexter)



West Asheville Methodist Church (now Trinity)

Nightmare

While excavating to build the West Asheville Methodist Church we discovered that the church was to be built on a graveyard, which would mean that if we carried out our plans we would have to move fifty-three graves.

I secured as my assistants the cemetery keeper and one of the boys who had served as a gravedigger in France during World War I. Among the remains was a skeleton of a mountaineer who had grown unusually tall, seven or more feet.

The following is part of a story carried in an Asheville newspaper.

"Back a hundred years or so ago there may have roamed on these now densely inhabited grounds a race of men that would overshadow the present race to an unusual degree. The evidence to substantiate this theory lies in the recent unearthings of long hidden graves in the rear of the present West Asheville Methodist Church while excavating for the new structure.

"T. J. Harrison, superintendent of the Green Hill Cemetery in West Asheville, under whose direction some forty odd graves were moved to make way for the new church, has had almost a decade of experience in such work. He said he has never seen human skeletons which suggested such large men as those that were unearthed in the Methodist graveyard.

"His account of the enormity of these human bones is verified by J. S. Hiatt, pastor of the church, who is

largely responsible for the movement, to erect the new edifice.

"Unfortunately, no measurements were made of the bones before they were interred in other graves just a few feet from the Balm Grove Road. The discoveries were kept secret until the work of removing the skeletons was completed. Consequently, no exact figures could be obtained, but all who saw the remains agreed that 'there are no such men like that today.'

"All of the bones were unusually large, it is said. Three of the partial skeletons bespoke men of enormous proportions. Two men would easily have stood seven feet high in their heyday, according to the estimate of Mr. Harrison, whose long handling of human skeletons has made him adept at judging the size of a man from his bones. The outline of the homemade coffins indicated that they were about eight and a half feet long.

"The age of these forgotten graves is likewise a matter of conjecture. One of the graves of the giant trio was hidden beneath the roots of an oak tree that, when cut, showed 136 rings to substantiate its claim to longevity."

One night I was restless. Sleep was coming hard and I had an old-fashioned nightmare. I dreamed that those skeletons had surrounded my bed, and just when the big one reached over to lift me out of my sleeping quarters, I awoke, much relieved to find it was only a dream.

Later, when I had done some serious thinking, I realized that I should have started taking a collection and that would have dispersed those peculiar apparitions.

Special Days

On the farm I did the work that every farm boy was called upon to do. Boys were taught to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. That was honest sweat. Occasionally when passing a grave-yard at night we sweated from fear. That was cold sweat.

We had many special days—picnic days, fourth of July, corn-shucking, hog-killing, wheat-thrashing, and many others—but the day that thrilled a boy's heart was after he had finished his week's assignment at Saturday noon, and could go fishing or hunting, depending on the season of the year.

In the good old summertime with my neighborhood friends, we would go seining and what fun we would have, not only in catching fish but in wading and playing in the streams.

In the wintertime we would line up the dogs of the neighborhood and, without guns, go rabbit-hunting. This sport would create an enthusiasm never to be forgotten. I learned in those early days that the hounds would follow their leader, and never ran ahead. Isn't it true that leaders are always followed by a crowd and non-leaders follow a crowd?

Two Little Lads

One dark and rainy night while I was serving as pastor of Grace Church, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, two little boys came through the rain to the parsonage and after awakening me said, "Our father is dying and we want you to come to our house at once." I accompanied the lads to their home, sat beside the bed of their dying father, offered prayer and led him to accept Christ.

When my four-year term as pastor of that church ended, I was sent on to other charges and through the years lost sight of those boys. More than thirty-five years later while I was serving as Conference Director of Golden Cross work, I was preaching one Sunday in a small town church. In the congregation was seated a man who, I noticed, was showing more than usual interest in the sermon. After the service he came to me and asked if I remembered the night two little boys came to my home when their father was dying. He was one of the boys. I was pleased to see him again and rejoiced to learn that both he and his brother had grown up to be two of the finest citizens of their county and both are active laymen in their respective churches.

The Big Noise

In a farmhouse, in a lonely room that had been marked as company room, I was sleeping peacefully one night, when I heard a loud noise. The sound given

out was like someone rolling a barrel on the floor upstairs. My thoughts were coming thick and fast; what to do was the question uppermost in my mind.

At once I hit the floor and hurriedly dressed and entered the room where the boys were sleeping, calling their attention to the noise above. We listened intently but at the same time prepared to leave the house with all speed possible. Then the noise seemed to be between the ceiling and weatherboards.

On investigation we discovered that a big cat was getting out of the loft and coming down backward between the ceiling and weatherboards to say, "All is well, so far." When he landed safely on the ground the noise ceased.

Then with a few minor strokes we were able to get our hair straight again and return to slumberland, but the rest of the night I kept my eyes wide open thinking what might have happened had it been a ghost. Like the little colored boy who when he was passing the graveyard had been informed that ghosts are harmless, said, "Yes, I knows that ghosts are harmless but if I should see one I'm afraid I might run away with myself."

Or like the old man of another generation who related seeing a big ghost while passing a graveyard, and when asked how did the ghost look he replied, "I vanished before the ghost."

Circuit Rider's Favorite Bird

During the flood of 1940 in Ashe County the streams had overflowed their banks, sweeping everything before them, including houses, woodsheds, much wildlife and poultry. A faithful preacher was serving the Creston Circuit at that time who was known for his thrift and painstaking efforts in growing vegetables and fine chickens. When the floods came his prized silverlaced Wyandottes were placed in grave danger. The water came in with such a rush that they were cut off from higher ground. Night was approaching; the parsonage porch furniture and flowerpots had been swept away and water was coming into the house.

Suddenly it dawned upon the good wife that her husband was missing and at once she instituted a search. In a short time she located her husband standing waist deep in the floodwaters, holding in his hands six of his Wyandottes. Thus proving that, while there are many things dear to a Methodist preacher, none is dearer than the gospel fowls which have long been the favorite bird of the Circuit Riders, who have climbed the mountains and forded swollen streams to tell the Story of the Cross.

The Rev. J. R. Short, the rescuer of part of his flock, has through the years launched out into the deep, building churches and parsonages, and winning men and women to Christ's Kingdom.

Today the faithful Circuit Riders of the hills are fast disappearing. May we pray that God will raise up some self-sacrificing men to carry on where the salaries are small but the harvest is white and the reapers few.

Early Riser

One of my parishioners in whose home I often visited had a habit of getting up early in the morning so that we could talk an hour or two before breakfast. Getting up at four o'clock in the morning did not appeal to me and I decided I would have to work out some method in order to get an extra hour of sleep.

When the good brother called that it was time to get up, I put one foot out on the floor and stamped real hard a few times so he would think I was walking around, then I turned over for a good nap.

When I did get up and put in my appearance, he would say, "It took you a long time to dress this morning. I heard you up sometime ago."

I always stayed long enough after breakfast to get in a long talking session. And breakfast in those days was really a man-size meal, which usually consisted of fried chicken or fried ham and eggs, hot biscuits, jelly, preserves, honey, and sometimes sorghum (molasses).

They Were Live Wires

Some forty years ago I was serving a church where the adults had failed to provide recreational centers and playgrounds for the youth of the neighborhood and where some of the finest boys I have ever known played wherever space could be found. They were not mean boys, but boys brimming full of the spirit of get-up-and-go, and along with the go they made it interesting for the live creatures in the neighborhood.

Well do I remember one Sunday afternoon when they tied a paper bag to a bulldog's tail. The owner of the dog, a very dear friend of mine, who was city editor of one of the daily papers, had been able to keep his dog under control up to this time. After the boys rigged up the dog for a speed test and then turned him loose, in the matter of a few seconds he had attained the speed of a jack rabbit. As he passed by my church the owner, who by chance was standing on the street corner nearby, called out in language that could be understood, "Hey boys, why did you tie that paper bag to my dog's tail?"

At that moment I appeared on the battleground and informed my friend that the boys were testing the speed of his dog and he would agree with me that the dog was really exceeding the speed limit. We had a good laugh and the case was closed.

On another occasion a boy tied a paper bag to an old hen's tail and threw her into the air, and the only thing the owner of the chicken could do was to watch

his Sunday dinner fly through the air with the greatest of ease for two blocks and then disappear out of sight, leaving him thinking it will have to be pork and beans without chicken broth Sunday.

I had the privilege of teaching those boys lesson after lesson on character building. Not long ago a former member of the class and I discussed the boys of forty-three years ago and discovered that out of the class came a minister, two lawyers, a civil engineer, a newspaper man, and several very fine and successful business men, and above all, they were homemakers, not homebreakers.

As I thought of the lads of yesterday, I was moved to quote:

BILLY AND ME

“Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep.
Up the river and over the lea,
That’s the way for Billy and me.”

Goat

I remember, too, an occasion where neighbors in a certain community were at outs with one of their fellow men on account of one old goat. It seems that the neighbors got “wind” of Billy and requested that he be moved from the neighborhood. They were hard on the poor animal but he had to go.

Pills

The American people are the greatest people in all the world to take patent medicine. Whenever a new medicine is announced many will be waiting to try the pill that is recommended to cure all ills. Our age could be properly named the Pill Age. There is a group who have to have their sleeping pills and another group when planning a journey, must have pills to keep them awake. Then there is the large group who call long and loud for pills to quiet their nerves. There is the little lean, keen-voiced lady who says, "Can't you give me some pills that will create an appetite," along with the big fat lady who calls for reducing pills.

So come on with your pills and squills that will cure all ills for we're marching on the road to Healthland.

Worked, By Cracky!

An old man had heard of some marvelous pills that were guaranteed to restore youth. So, after a conference with his wife, he bought a box of them.

However, instead of taking just one pill before bedtime, the eager old beaver swallowed six.

Next morning the missus had difficulty in getting him awake. Finally, however, the old geezer sat up and rubbed his eyes and said: "Aw-wight, I'll det up but I'm not doin' to school!"*

*Copied from pamphlet published by W. S. Wolfe Drug Company, Mount Airy, North Carolina.

Joy Ride

Along the journey of life one meets many interesting characters, people who do and say the unusual things. To me human nature is the greatest of all studies. To illustrate: There is a story told of a fellow who put up two windmills and then took one down for fear there wouldn't be wind enough to run both; and the fellow who taught his canary to sing "The Village Blacksmith" and one day while the bird was singing it got so hot that a spark flew from his bill and ignited the cage; or the teacher who had admonished her students not to strike matches in the classroom. She said, "Remember the Chicago fire." When the teacher left the room a lad wrote on the blackboard, "Do not spit on the floor; remember the Johnstown flood."

The incident I now relate concerns a lady who really enjoyed a funeral and whenever an opportunity afforded she attended.

A phone call came to me saying, "I noticed in the paper that so-and-so is dead and you are to conduct the funeral and I wondered if you will give me a ride in your car." I said to myself "This is the opportunity for me to break the hitchhiker."

One of my best friends, an ex-serviceman who had had much experience as a truck driver in World War I, agreed to assist me in my plans. I was to drive to the church far out in the country where services were to be conducted. The road was rough and I was to hit every rough place and keep the old Model-A zig-

zagging. Then when we reached the church she would criticize my driving, which she did. I confessed that I was a poor driver, but my friend was an excellent driver and he would hold the steering wheel on our way back.

After leaving the church we got on a sand-clay road where the road men had recently covered the highway with sod from the fields. When my friend hit that road he put on a fine exhibition of driving, keeping our passenger in the air most of the way home. When we reached her home I opened the car door and she stepped out without thanking or saying goodbye. I looked at my friend and with a twinkle in his eye he seemed to say, "It worked."

After that I never received a call from the funeral-izer.

Hold That Cat

While serving as pastor of Burkhead Church in Winston-Salem I followed my program of visitation regularly. One afternoon I called at a home where there lived a lad who kept things lively.

On this occasion he was pulling the big pet cat's tail, while the cat was clawing the rug and putting forth an extra effort to get loose. The mother gently said to the lad, "Please stop pulling the cat's tail."

The boy replied, "I'm not pulling the cat's tail. I'm only holding and the cat is doing the pulling."

Home Coming

“Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Kick and you kick alone,
For a cheerful grin will let you in
Where a kicker was never known.”

Probably no occasions are enjoyed more or are more largely attended than home comings and family reunions.

One particular home coming stands out in my memory above all others I have attended throughout the years of my itineracy. Friends and relatives had met to renew friendships and to fellowship one with another under the stately old shade trees on the spacious lawn of one of the older members of the clan in Caldwell County.

Some of those present had grown old and feeble but everyone was doing his or her best to make it a happy occasion. For seating facilities, some of the energetic men had brought in two orange crates and placed a plank across them. After this temporary but unsubstantial seat was completed, some five or six aged women sat down on it.

I was invited to talk to the group and when I had finished about half of my speech, I told the story of the aviator who offered to take an aged couple up several thousand feet without a fee, provided they would not speak while in the air. After the flight had been made and the plane was safe on earth again, the aviator shook hands with the man and said, “Old fel-

low, you have won. You did not speak while we were on the flight."

"No," replied the passenger, "but I came very near saying something when we were three thousand feet in the air sloopin' the sloop and Sal fell out."

At that moment the ladies seated on the plank leaned back to laugh, which movement caused both crates to collapse and landed the occupants on their backs with their feet in the air. Several men rushed forward to help them up and fortunately no one was hurt. When we found there were no injuries, everyone began laughing.

There was no use to try to finish my prepared speech and when I could finally get the attention of my audience I said, "Thank you ladies, for giving a perfect demonstration of the story just told."

Thus my talk for the day ended in a hilarious manner.

Snake

Two aged men were hoeing corn and stopped to rest beneath a tree during a drizzle of rain. One of the men was wiggling his foot in a bunch of grass when the other said, "Be still. I see a snake." At that moment he whammed the old fellow's foot with his hoe, which caused the hit one to grab his foot and exclaim, "Hit him again; he bit me!" (Told by Rev. Bob Hardee)

Uncle Ep

On a fishing trip to Tuckertown with my good friend, Robert Shelton, we spent the night in the home of an old Confederate soldier by the name of Uncle Ep. That night we slept in a bed made of thin poplar timber. My friend said, "You must lie quietly and not turn over. This bed is weak." A few seconds later we both turned in opposite directions with the result that the bed was broken in many pieces and we found it necessary to replace it later with a more substantial one.

Before building the big lake at Tuckertown, land had to be bought and buildings moved or left to deteriorate. One building that remained was an old abandoned church which was surrounded by water. The window panes on either side of the pulpit were broken out. I said to my fisherman friend, "You get into the boat and I'll fish from the church window."

Having dedicated my life to be a fisherman of men and knowing that there are many ways in which men can be won for Christ, I thought I would try a new technique in catching fish. I had good luck and each fish I caught gave me a thrill as I took the finny tribe, both small and large, into the church. There was no church nor preacher in the fisherman's village and when it was discovered that I was a minister, the people insisted that I conduct services for them at night and do my fishing during the day. This I agreed to do. Boxes and chairs were placed in an old store

building where we met to worship. At the first service I used as a text, "What think ye of Christ?"

That night the old soldier who had marched with the army carrying the "bonnie blue flag" enlisted under the blood-stained banner of the Cross. Years later I was told that from that night on he lived a Christian life and when death came he was ready to enter into the life that shall broaden into a happy eternity.

Many years later a surprise came to me. It was the clock of the old fisherman, which he had stated he wanted me to have when he was no more on earth. This remembrance I appreciated and today the old clock is ticking time away as it did for the old fisherman in the long ago.

Groundhog

When I was living in Winston-Salem, two colored brethren were discussing groundhogs. One of them asked the question, "Do you believe that God created the sun, moon, and the stars and the big mountains and Mr. Hanes' Holstein cows?"

"Yes, I believe all this."

"Den if you'se believe all dis, do you think that He would allow a little insignificant animal as a groundhog to medicate in His weather bureau?"

"Burbank saw in every weed a possible flower and God saw in every human being a possible saint."



Hiatt Methodist Church, Winston-Salem, N. C.
(Organized and built 1922 by author of this book)

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."



Burkhead Church, Dedicated May 27, 1923

He Bit Him

While residing in Grace parsonage in Winston-Salem in my youthful days in the ministry, I often observed my neighbor's little feist dog, which had the habit of nipping pedestrians as they passed by the home. One day a colored man some six feet tall, wearing a pair of peg-leg pants, his hat pulled down on one side, and smoking a two-for-five-cents Cheroot, was bitten by the little dog. At once he stooped to pick up a brickbat to hurl at Towser. The lady called to the man saying, "Don't hit my dog. He won't bite you."

The colored brother looked up and replied, "Madam, he am done gone and bit me."

Smiles

The late Senator Clyde R. Hoey was fond of telling the following story: He said there was an evangelist conducting a revival in his home county and on one occasion asked those who wanted to go to Heaven to stand. No one responded to his invitation. This caused the evangelist to get hot under the collar and he said, "All of you people who want to go to hell stand." Again, no one responded. Then an old gray-haired man stood up and addressed the evangelist, saying, "These people are good and they do not want to embarrass you, but they were born here, raised

here, and have always lived here, and they just don't want to move."

On another occasion a man in years was applying for license to preach. A member of the Licensing Committee voted against granting him the credentials. This moved the would-be preacher to become righteously indignant and he wanted to know of a Committeeman why he voted against him and received the following reply, "First, I voted not to license you for the reason you have such a poor delivery, and the second reason, you haven't anything to deliver."

Persimmon Tree

Many calls come to me for aid to help the needy. One morning a gentleman called at my office to relate the sad circumstances of a poverty stricken family in his neighborhood. He stated the children were poorly clad, did not have enough food to eat, and were kept out of school owing to the dire circumstances in which they were living. He also stated that the mother had been stricken and the husband did not have any money to get a doctor or pay for the medicine and help which she so badly needed. Then he said this morning another cloud, dark as midnight, hung over the home, stating that the husband and father had broken his leg while eating breakfast. I asked him how could a man break his leg at the breakfast table. He replied, "He fell out of the persimmon tree."

The Pale Moonlight

It was on a pale moonlight night when my son Joseph, a young doctor, along with two companions had come to say goodbye. He and his buddies would in the next few days sail the deep blue seas to fight a war on foreign soil. Time slipped away very rapidly that night and as the pale moon shone on our home and the streets of our town, there came from a home nearby a young mother with her baby boy in her arms. The baby's father was one of the three who in the next hour, along with thousands of others, would say "Goodbye" to family, home, and loved ones of the old hometown. I watched the mother and baby as the young father and husband kissed them goodbye. Then I watched the car carrying the precious human freight go out of sight. Three weeks later a message came that the lad who had said goodbye to his baby boy had made the supreme sacrifice. He had gone west where the sun burns blood red like wine.

Through the years I have thought that some day there would be a reunion, not of the legionnaires of veterans of foreign wars, but a reunion of the ones like my neighbor who kissed his baby boy in the pale moonlight never to return home again but to sleep the quiet, calm, and peaceful sleep where the poppies bloom and the white crosses are seen row on row.

Two Friends

Two old men in my home county who enjoyed each other's friendship immensely were travelling together down a path. In those days rail fences were used to keep the livestock from roaming over the neighborhood, and in going from one neighborhood to another often it was necessary to cross a fence. One of these friends was climbing a fence when a rail slipped and fell on him. His companion asked, "Did it hurt you?" and the old man replied, "Well, it didn't do me any good!"

Fisherman's Prayer

"Dear Lord, when Gabriel blows his blast
And I come home to rest at last,
Don't measure me for harp and wings;
Let me have instead these things;
Some tackle, and rod and reel,
A pair of waders and a creel,
A gushing, frothy, glacier stream,
A placid lake by which to dream,
An angel pal with whom to angle,
Magic lines that will not tangle,
And permission, Lord, with fingers crossed
To lie about the fish I lost."*

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*Copied from Scrapbook.

The Right Kind of Bait

If you expect to have songbirds in your yard, you must keep food in reach for them. To catch fish it is necessary that you change the bait until you find out what they are striking.

My observation has been if you expect people to attend church you must have the right kind of bait and the proper food to give them when they fill the pews on Sunday morning.

Friends had asked me "Why is it that preachers are not able to get foreigners to attend their churches, in spite of the fact that they solicit funds to send the gospel to their homeland."

I replied, "Come to my church next Sunday and I will show you that I can get the people you are talking about to attend my church."

During the week I visited the Chinese laundry and informed the brethren there that I was serving a large congregation. I told them that if they would attend my church and get acquainted with the people, it would mean much laundry. And, brother! the following Sunday morning at eleven o'clock they were there in full force. I knew for once in my ministry in that city I had used the right bait.

A colored sister was asked to explain her religion and she replied, "I is connected with a very religious family. My father is a Methodist and my mother is a Baptist, and I is affiliated with radio and television."

John Imes, the Blacksmith

In the community where I grew up, there lived an elderly man who had owned and operated a blacksmith shop for many years. It was the delight of every boy and girl in the neighborhood to stand at the door of his shop and watch as he forged the red hot iron into shape on his anvil.

He was a skilled workman and a good man, always quiet and reserved, yet fearless. To him there were no such things as ghosts and when anything unusual occurred he always investigated in order to gain the correct solution.

One night just after a severe thunder storm he was walking through a woodland section of the country and was passing a church when he noticed one white object after another leaping from a side door of the church into the adjoining grave-yard. Instead of putting on extra speed he walked up to the church and found that a flock of sheep had taken shelter in the building during the storm, and were jumping out of the door one at a time, following their leader.

On another occasion he was driving home from a near-by town late one night when he saw a light flash up at intervals in a grave-yard. As was his custom, he stopped to investigate the seeming phenomenon, only to discover that the people of the community had been cleaning off the grounds and had partly burned a pine stump and had left it smoldering. When fanned by a light breeze, a flame would suddenly light up

the shell of the stump that was left, as well as the surrounding area and would as suddenly die down. His philosophy was that there was always an explanation for the unusual if one had courage to face the situation.

Mixed Chickens

In the late twenties, when I was pastor of a church in Asheville, many of the rural people brought their produce into town and sold it from door to door. One day a farmer from far back in the hills brought a coop of chickens to town and stopped at the home of my neighbor where the following conversation took place:

Farmer: "Lady, would like to buy some chickens?"

Lady: "What kind of chickens do you have?"

Farmer: "Mixed chickens, lady."

Lady: "What kind of mixed chickens?"

Farmer: "Hens and roosters."

Optimistic

In a remote area where the postmaster was serving one of the smallest post offices in the county, his books were checked and they showed exactly fifty-six cents had been cleared that month. However, he was not discouraged because, said he, "I am expecting more business next month. Some have written post-cards and others are talking about writing."

Doctor and the Fox Chase

Dr. M. A. Royal was the first surgeon to perform an appendectomy in Yadkin County and for more than sixty-five years he ministered unto the sick. Thirty-five years of this time were spent as a practicing physician in Elkin. After these years of service rendered to his fellowmen, the sunset days crept upon him. Instead of answering the call, "Come at once, Doctor, Mother is seriously ill," he was prepared to answer another call, for he was going down the valley toward the setting of the sun.

Having visited with the good Doctor each day, and realizing that he was sinking rapidly, I informed his nurse that I was going to take the aged physician on a fox chase, the sport he loved so well. Lifting my Grandfather Spurgeon's fox horn off the nail on the wall, the horn he used on many a frosty morn more than a hundred years ago, I carried it to my sick friend's room and said, "Doctor, the hounds have just jumped a big fox," and at that moment I gave a loud blast on the old horn. The aged physician at once joined in the chase. In his imagination he saw the hounds coming and with a light of joy on his face he said, "They are coming by the old spring and old Leonard is leading the pack." (His dog Leonard was the lead dog.)

This was the Doctor's last hunt, for a few days later he traveled down the slopes of time and crossed the river to be with his friends and loved ones who had gone to the better land.

Free Advice

One of the cheapest things in all the world is advice. Whoever you are, wherever you go, there are those who are anxious to advise you on any subject that might arise.

While pastor of West Asheville Church, now Trinity, I slipped my notebook in my pocket with vowed intention of seeing how many remedies would be offered me in one afternoon of pastoral visitation as a sure cure for indigestion.

The first call I made I was asked, "How are you feeling?"

The answer I gave was that I was feeling fine with the exception of a little indigestion. The lady of the house gave me the first remedy. She said, "Eat plain wheat bran."

The second call I received the following suggestion, "Drink a teacup of hot water before breakfast."

The third call, "Don't eat any sweets." The fourth, "If you want to get rid of your indigestion, don't eat any meat."

It was getting late in the afternoon when I made the fifth call explaining to the lady that I was feeling fine with the exception of a little indigestion. She advised, though the remedy might be a little rough, "Eat a little fine sand or dirt each day."

Well, I knew that a chicken wasn't worth much without sand in its gizzard, but the idea of eating dirt

did not appeal to me, so I thought of a remedy that was really beneficial which I pass on to you, "Eat less and exercise more."

Down By the Creek

Boys will play pranks and jokes. They are not mean but have so much reserve energy that it must be expended in some way. A boy will grow into a man and in his sunset days talk about what happened when he was a boy.

The boy I want to mention was named Alex and he was an expert marksman with a slingshot. Many people crossed the creek near his home on horse or muleback. The boy would hide in the tall grass on the bank of the creek and when the rider loosened the reins for his steed to drink, he would sting the rider's horse or mule with a gravel.

One day a preacher riding on the back of a little mule gently guided the animal into the waters and lowered the reins so that he could quench his thirst. At that moment the temptation was too great. Taking a steady aim with his slingshot, Alex stung the donkey on the western hemisphere, which caused him to rear up in the air and pull for the other bank, leaving the preacher sprawled in the water and perhaps thinking that "In this day and time old Elk Creek is a hard stream to cross."

The World Is Mine

"Today upon a bus, I saw a lovely maid with golden hair;

I envied her—she seemed so gay—and wished I were as fair.

When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;

She had one foot and wore a crutch, but as she passed, a smile.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;

I have two feet—the world is mine!

And then I stopped to buy some sweets. The lad who sold them had such charm

I talked with him—he said to me:

"It's nice to talk with folks like you.

"You see," he said, "I'm blind."

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;

I have two eyes—the world is mind!

Then, walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue.

He stood and watched the others play;

It seemed he knew not what to do.

I stopped a moment, then I said:

"Why don't you join the others, dear?"

He looked ahead without a word, and then

I knew, he could not hear.

Oh God forgive me when I whine;

I have two ears—the world is mine.

With feet to take me where I'd go,
With eyes to see the sunset's glow,
With ears to hear what I would know,
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I'm blessed, indeed! The World Is Mine!"

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

He Forgot

In a revival meeting some forty-five years ago a brother who had reached the age of forty-five or more got religion all over and at once added a few commandments to the Ten Commandments that he would enforce. It was the work of his two young sons to drive the cattle down a winding path to the pasture.

In those days rabbits were plentiful and the hunting dogs always accompanied the boys. On a beautiful Sabbath morning my friend, Uncle Joe, laid down the law, saying, "Boys, you must not allow your dogs to chase any more rabbits on Sunday morning."

In a few minutes after he had instructed the boys, the hounds jumped a rabbit near the old cow pasture. The rabbit, not having heard of the change that had taken place in Uncle Joe's heart, headed up the path at full speed toward where my friend was standing. When Uncle Joe saw the rabbit coming he was so excited he forgot his resolution to run no more rabbits on Sunday, threw his hat in the air and called long and loud, "Here, here he goes!"

This goes to prove that circumstances will sometimes change a man's thinking, as well as his speed.

Dog Fight

It was the custom in the early years of my ministry for each rural church to have a series of revival services through one week each summer, and for one pastor to assist another in these meetings.

On one such occasion I was assisting my brother minister, Rev. Phil Shore, in a revival at Jackson Hill Church, conducting both day and night services. In rural areas during the horse and buggy days many dogs followed their owners to church and waited outside until their owners came out. One day dogs of all colors, breeds, and sizes had come to the church and were roaming around in the churchyard. However, one little pet dog decided to come inside and was taking a nap in the aisle when in walked a large woolly shepherd dog and, seeing the little fellow asleep, raised his paw and gently laid it on the little feist.

The feist, being awakened suddenly, did not question the motive of the shepherd dog, but jumped up fighting. The noise and commotion in the church brought all the dogs outside together and, sensing that a fight was on, they all joined in the melee.

The owners of the dogs left the church and tried to separate the canines, but to no avail. Their snarling and barking caused so much confusion that the services were soon brought to a close.

They Moved

One hot summer evening when I was conducting a revival meeting in a small rural church, a severe thunderstorm came up.

Seated on the back bench in the church were several farmers who listened attentively but did not seem to be much moved by the sermon. When the invitation was given for all who were interested in the meeting to come forward and kneel at the altar for prayer, the occupants of the back seat refused to move.

At that moment there was a blinding flash of light, accompanied by a deafening roar of thunder. Lightning had struck a large oak tree which stood near the corner of the church, jarring the building, rattling the windows, and causing much excitement among the congregation.

Just then those shirt-sleeved men on the back pew came to the front to kneel at the altar, not because of any exhortation from the preacher but because they had been brought face to face with a close call from death. From then on much more interest was shown in the revival.

I do not remember the hymn we sang but thinking back on the event, probably the most appropriate one we could have sung was written by William Cowper:

“God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.”

Lost

In one of my churches in the early days of my ministry, some of the families were very large. The children were always brought to church. During revival meetings, we would place quilts on the pulpit floor where the little ones could sleep while the services were in progress and I stood out in front of the pulpit while preaching.

One night after the service I was ready to get in my buggy to drive to a home where I was to spend the night. Suddenly realizing that I had forgotten my Bible, I immediately returned to the church to pick it up, and in the darkness stumbled over a sleeping lad whose parents had not taken time to call the roll before loading their wagon with their precious freight. Down the road the wagon wheels were turning and singing the song of rattle and roll.

I got into my buggy and called on my faithful horse to show speed. Overtaking the wagon, I called to the driver, informing him that he had left one of the children in the church. Both parents realized they had made a mistake by not counting their flock before loading them for the trip home. They returned to the church and found the little fellow still sleeping peacefully.

The Campaign

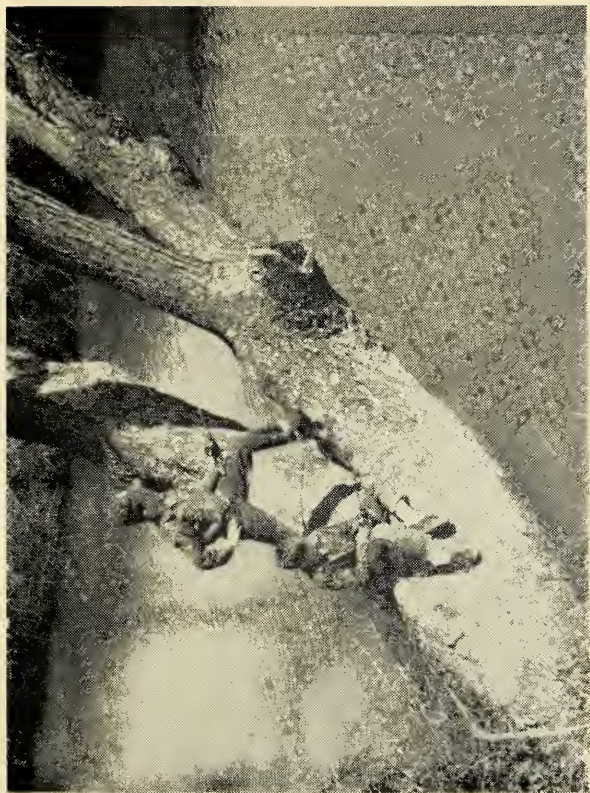
While campaigning for a million dollars plus for colleges I interviewed a good Hebrew friend who gave me five thousand dollars, which put the "go" in me to interview another friend of the Hebrew race. He confessed that he thought The Methodist Church had a wonderful program in which he was vitally interested, but I could not get him to sign on the dotted line. He said, "I'll see you later."

A few nights later at a banquet my friend was bearing down on a piece of boiled ham when one of the banqueters asked him, "How do you get by with that? Didn't Father Abraham tell you Hebrews to lay off the swine?"

My Hebrew friend quickly replied, "Yes, but when he said that he was in the sheep business."

Driving

As a pastor of a large circuit, I did much driving along country roads. One day when riding along, I spied a large rooster standing by the roadside and decided to frighten him by cracking my buggy whip. However, the tip of the whip fastened itself around the rooster's neck and I had to draw him up to my buggy in order to release him. The family to whom the rooster belonged looked as if they thought I intended to take the big crower for a ride. Had they known I was a preacher they would have understood.



"In the Good Old Summer-time"

(Picture by C. C. Poindexter, Elkin, N. C.)



The Old Swimming Hole

(Picture by C. C. Poindexter, Elkin, N. C.)

Pants in the Window

It was a cold winter day in the year 1926. At that time Dr. H. C. Sprinkle was Presiding Elder of the Asheville District. He invited me to accompany him to one of his circuit churches far back in the mountains saying, "Joe, I want you to preach and use any tactics you may have to get the brethren to begin building the church which they have talked about for many moons and haven't the courage to start work."

The congregation was not large and the church was air-conditioned, for it was just as cold on the inside as on the outside and I felt like using the subject "Many are cold but few are frozen." I was speaking with all the rapidity I had when suddenly I noticed a pair of pants had been stuffed in a window to keep out the cold, wintry winds. I stopped as if I were greatly excited and asked the question, "Did the man get hurt as he went out the window?"

The people laughed but that little incident turned the tide and months later a beautiful church was erected.

God uses many keys in unlocking pocketbooks to get His work done. Amen.

The Catchy Ad

NOTICE: Church festival Tuesday night. Admission nothing to get in. Five dollars to get out.

Striped Kittens

Some of the finest and most hospitable people in our Methodist Churches reside in the mountain areas of our State. On a visit to one of these rural churches, a school teacher told me of an incident which occurred at his church a few years ago.

A minister who had grown up far from the hills was assigned by the Western North Carolina Conference to this mountain charge. This minister was well versed in theology but not in the animal kingdom of this particular terrain. One day while climbing a mountain he spied some beautiful baby animals, each with a white stripe down its back, and not recognizing the species, he decided to put them in a box, take them to the church, and later to his home.

He placed the box just inside of the church door where the little animals which were baby skunks, were quiet for awhile. After a period of confinement and by the time the congregation had assembled, these striped kittens became restless and began operating their chemical weapons. When the congregation got a whiff of their high-powered odor, they immediately left the church.

The teacher who related this story to me laughed and said, "You see, by one act the preacher moved his congregation."

The Big Dog

My brother Mack and I, when only lads, were given a glorious privilege by our father. We were to deliver a load of corn to a store in High Point. On our return home, driving through the dirt streets of High Point, for there were no hard-surfaced streets at that time, we saw an unusually large black hound dog trotting along the street. Having made preparations to defend ourselves, I had stored in the wagon a sling-shot and plenty of small gravels. I said to my brother, "Drive while I shoot the hound." The moment the gravel hit him he was traveling on.

Just then a large colored man stopped our mule and said, "Boys, what did you do to my dog?"

I replied, "Something stung him." But we never could convince the man of color that it was a bumble-bee that had done the stinging.

Frog

It is easy to raise money if you have something worthwhile to sell. In soliciting funds I have always tried to get donors interested in the stock I am presenting. During the unusually cold days of January, 1957, I told a story of a bullfrog that was about to freeze to death and that I needed funds at once to purchase a weatherproof blanket for the frog. Surprised I was when eight persons, without asking any questions, contributed to the worthy cause, including a minister and professional men and women.

Courting

In my school days a school companion and I borrowed my father's gray horse and his father's bay horse one Sunday afternoon. We hitched them to a buggy and drove several miles to date two fine girls, who were sisters. A summer cloud with its darkness, heavy thunder, and lightning flashes came up in the late evening.

In the meantime our horses had been stabled in the barn nearby. The rain continued and we did not get started home until eleven o'clock. When we went to the barn to bridle our horses, I had no trouble finding mine, the gray, but in a stall nearby my friend was having a time getting the bridle on his bay. It was pitch dark and only when a flash of lightning occurred and lit up the stall could my friend see what he thought was his animal. Finally he discovered he was trying to bridle an old red cow, and this confession I have to make, the cow received a sound thrashing when she only deserved fodder and hay.

Short Wave

An old man was tuning in his radio when he got a sudden twinge of pain in his back. "I believe I'm getting lumbago," he remarked. "What's the use? You won't understand a word they say," commented his wife.

Ferryboat

Have you ever had the experience of crossing a river on a ferryboat? The ferryboat at one time made possible the carrying on of commerce and also friends visiting in communities that could only be reached by crossing the river. Many times when just a lad have I sat in a vehicle beside my father as the old ferryman took us safely across a stream. The following story was told to me by a friend. It seems that an old ferryman was losing money by crediting fares and then not being able to collect. The owner of the boat gave orders that he was not to transport any more passengers across the river until they paid their fare in advance. One Saturday afternoon a colored brother, polished for Sunday, approached the ferryman and said, "I wants to cross the river. I wants to go over on the other side and talk with my folks."

The ferryman replied, "Plank down the cash and I'll start the wheels rolling."

The would-be passenger said, "You knows me, and I'll make arrangements and pay you Monday morning and, in fact, I confesses to you that I haven't got but five cents in my pocket."

The old ferryman replied, "If you hasn't but five cents in your pocket it doesn't matter which side of the river you is on."

Uncle Tom

While serving as pastor of Mount Holly Church during World War I and ministering unto the soldiers who were stationed nearby, I was told of a very unique experience. Uncle Tom, the faithful colored janitor, was afflicted with rheumatism and, unable to walk, had taken his bed to dream of the white winged messenger that would call for him.

It was Springtime and the bees were humming and the lizards were sunning their backs on the old rail fences. A large blacksnake had rented a log in Uncle Tom's cabin where it had spent the winter months, but now that it was Springtime all nature was singing "Awake, awake, it is time to get up." The snake, hearing the call, crawled out of the knothole in the log and was teetering over the old man's bed, ready to fall "ker-smack" right in with him. Tom did not wait to welcome the visitor but made a desperate leap, forgetting his rheumatism, and landed out in the yard. And from that day Uncle Tom was never bothered with rheumatism.

In a Lonely Graveyard

I love to climb the mountains and I love to watch the golden sunsets. I love to bathe my soul in the deep blue of Heaven. I love to ramble through the forest and meadows in springtime when the buttercups bloom and in the fall when the leaves turn to gold. On one occasion out where the great oaks and pines had been unmolested for years I discovered a family

burying ground. Sleeping at the foot of these great trees were those of another generation who had loved and laughed and enjoyed life at its fullest. Chiseled on one of the gravestones was the following epitaph:

Remember friends as you pass by
As you are now so once was I,
As I am now so you must be;
Prepare for death and follow me.

Thinking of those who have been sleeping in perhaps forgotten graves, I was made to realize that the only true values are the values of Eternity.

Sawed off Limb

When preparing to build Grace Church in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, I discovered that a great oak tree would have to be moved and offered to donate the tree to any person who would shoulder the responsibility of getting it off the grounds.

An ingenious person accepted the offer and purchased plenty of equipment to do the job, but had not had much experience in the lumber business. He climbed the tree with saw in hand. Taking precaution not to break the telephone wires that ran between the limbs of the tree, he proceeded to station himself on the end of a limb that extended out from the body of the tree.

He sawed away until there was a crash. Down came man, limb, and saw. Yes, he had sawed off the end of the limb on which he was sitting.

Whoo-Whoo

To a boy on a farm it was a thrill to be assigned the task of going to the pasture late in the evening and driving the cows home. The lad to whom I'm referring was a typical country boy who could throw a rock with plenty of force.

One afternoon late this little boy had trouble finding the cattle. He had played along the way and perhaps he and his faithful dog had spent much time chasing rabbits. Darkness had settled on the earth, and a big owl had come out looking for his supper. The owl, not knowing that the little lad was in the fields, called out from his big dark woods, "Whoo-Whoo?"

This frightened the little boy and he replied, "My name is Little G——."

Again the big owl called "Whoo-Whoo?" This frightened the lad more and more and he said again, "My name is Little G——."

The lad who was so frightened grew up to be a fine citizen, home-maker and Sunday School Superintendent, but I doubt if he ever forgot the time and place where the big owl said "WHO! WHO!"

The Old Spring House

In the long ago it was the custom of many farm-houses to have what they called a milk trough where cool running water from the spring or well ran through the trough where the milk and butter were kept cool for the family. This was the forerunner of the deep freeze.

On one occasion a lean hound dog visited regularly one of these milk houses, stealing the milk and butter. A farmer devised a unique way of catching the dog. He put some grease in a coffeepot and when the hound dog put his head in the coffeepot he could not get it out. The farmer, seeing the predicament the dog was in, took his old-time shotgun and aimed at the coffeepot. When he pulled the trigger the dog fell dead. When questioned if he shot the dog, he said, "No, that a man had a right to shoot his own coffeepot, and in so doing he killed the dog."

And the final word was that the man was justified in shooting at his own coffeepot.

A colored person was standing before a small church when asked by a stranger if he was pastor of that church, and he replied, "Yes, sir. Yes, sir, I is pastor of this church."

"Well, how many members do you have?"

"Sixteen."

"How many are active members?"

"Sixteen, sir. Eight work for me and eight work against me."

Old Rover

Many years ago a friend related to me the following story.

He said an old Negro man asked him to explain why his hound could catch a rabbit before the Negro's hound got to running. The white friend said, "Why, that is easily explained. You see, my hound is a bob-tailed hound and when a rabbit jumps up he's balanced and ready to go, while your hound has a long tail and has to get it straightened out before he can get running at hound-dog speed."

The old Negro said, "I never thought that that was the reason my dog was so slow getting started," so he went home, picked up an axe and said, "Come here, Rover. It's going to be a serious operation but I hope a successful one."

Pulling Rover's tail across a stump, he whacked it off. Rover took out through a stubble field yelping and zigzagging. Just then a rabbit jumped up but old Rover went right on beyond the rabbit.

The old Negro said, "Well bless my hide, if I haven't done gone and cut off too much of Rover's tail."

The Cold Stream

Fishing with my friend, Folger Townsend, in a cold mountain stream where the rainbow and speckled trout played hide and seek beneath the great rocks as the water rushed down stream, I was standing on a very slippery rock and casting out into the beautiful clear, deep waters when my foot slipped and I fell in. After quite a struggle I reached the bank, wet and cold, and soon realized that I was a long way from home without a change of clothes. My friend was fishing up stream and did not know that I had put on a one-ring circus without an audience.

The minutes seemed like hours as I waited for his return. In the late afternoon it grew very cold. Finally he returned and I related to him my experience and we started for home at once. On reaching home I hurried to the dressing room and changed clothes. I was hanging my khaki suit on the clothesline when Mrs. Hiatt discovered there was something wrong.

She asked if my clothes were wet. I replied, "Yes, they are just a little damp." Then I told her of my experience and that I was so uncomfortable that I didn't enjoy listening to the "bullfrog singing to the owl in the ivy thicket."

Never Lost a Case

It was the custom before good roads and automobiles for the people of the community to trade at the crossroads store. At the store people would gather to discuss politics, religion and whatever had happened in the community. An old man in the neighborhood had died and the loafers and checkerplayers were at the store when someone asked the question, "Who is going to conduct Mr. A's funeral?" One of the spokesmen in the group said, "I think they're going to get the young minister as the people are very fond of him. He uses good English, has a good delivery, and makes a fine impression." At that moment a brother who was chewing his tobacco and hitting the old stove without much aim with the juice said, "I wouldn't do it. I'd get Elder X. I've heard him conduct forty funerals and he never lost a case."

Honest

An old lady was asked why she never married and she replied, "Parson, to be honest I have never been sufficiently urged."

The Mountain Funeral

Up in the high hills the late Rev. W. A. Newell and a seminary boy went to conduct the funeral of an aged man. During the morning the gravediggers, while preparing to dig the grave, discovered a yellow jacket nest near where they were digging.

After a short service at the home of the deceased, the body was brought and placed for lowering into the grave. The seminary boy stepped forward to conduct the last rites. Not knowing that the gravediggers had been fighting yellow jackets off and on all day, he began his remarks by saying, "We have but little peace and comfort on this side of the grave."

One of the gravediggers standing on the opposite side of the grave called to him saying, "Come over on this side. We've got them whipped out over here."

Pittin' and Pattin'

Of the many duties performed while I was superintendent of the Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital of Elkin, North Carolina, one was interviewing applicants for work at the institution.

One day a colored boy came to my office to apply for a job and when asked where he was working at that time he replied that he did not now have regular work but was just pittin' and pattin'. Upon further questioning, he replied, "Well, I work a day or two each week for Mrs. G., that is just pittin'. Then I work a day or two for Mrs. C., that is just pattin'. Yessir, I is just a pittin' and a pattin'."

There were no pittin' and pattin' jobs around the hospital to be done, though I must admit we had had some in the past who could have qualified for the job, and the colored boy went on back to his usual work, pittin' and pattin'.

Not Much Sleep

Dr. L. B. Abernethy, one of the most gracious men of his day, and I spent the night during a winter month in an air-conditioned parsonage. For some reason the blower was left on and it was as cold in the inside as it was on the outside. That night I was afraid that my good friend might take cold, and just about every time the clock struck I would wrap his wool blanket around him; and, when I dozed off, he would lay it aside.

The next morning he said, "Joe, you almost sweated me to death last night, but I knew you were afraid I might get cold."

For breakfast the lady of the parsonage served country ham, scrambled eggs, sourwood honey, hot biscuits and coffee, which made me realize that Brother Abernethy was right when he said, "You can heat a stove better by putting fuel in it than by wrapping it up in a blanket." He then added that a good hot meal would warm a man more than putting on extra clothing.

Some years ago an aged woman had the same idea when asked by her pastor what had helped her most in life, replied, "My victuals."

Ventriloquist

The ventriloquist had his day causing people to do a lot of laughing and talking. It seems that on one occasion a ventriloquist was visiting at a farmhouse. It was night time and Rastus lingered until darkness covered the forest and fields, then decided to wend his way home. Passing by the old cedar tree in the barnyard he looked up and saw the dominecker rooster and several fat hens perched on the cedar limbs fast asleep. The temptation was too great. He reached up to invite one of the fat hens to accompany him home.

The ventriloquist, who had been on the alert, called out as if the rooster were speaking: "What is you gonna do with me?"

The brother said: "I is leavin' you right here."

Returning to the house, he advised the farmer he couldn't work longer for him. The farmer said: "Why are you leaving? We like you and don't want you to go."

Rastus replied, "It's like this. If that rooster comes around tomorrow and says anything to you about me, you tell him that he lied."

(This story was told to me by a friend.)

The Graveyard Prayer

It was on a beautiful Sabbath day in August when friends and loved ones gathered at the old historic church (X) for their annual homecoming. A program of inspirational music had been prepared for the occasion. The pastor was in charge of the devotional services and I was invited to give the homecoming address.

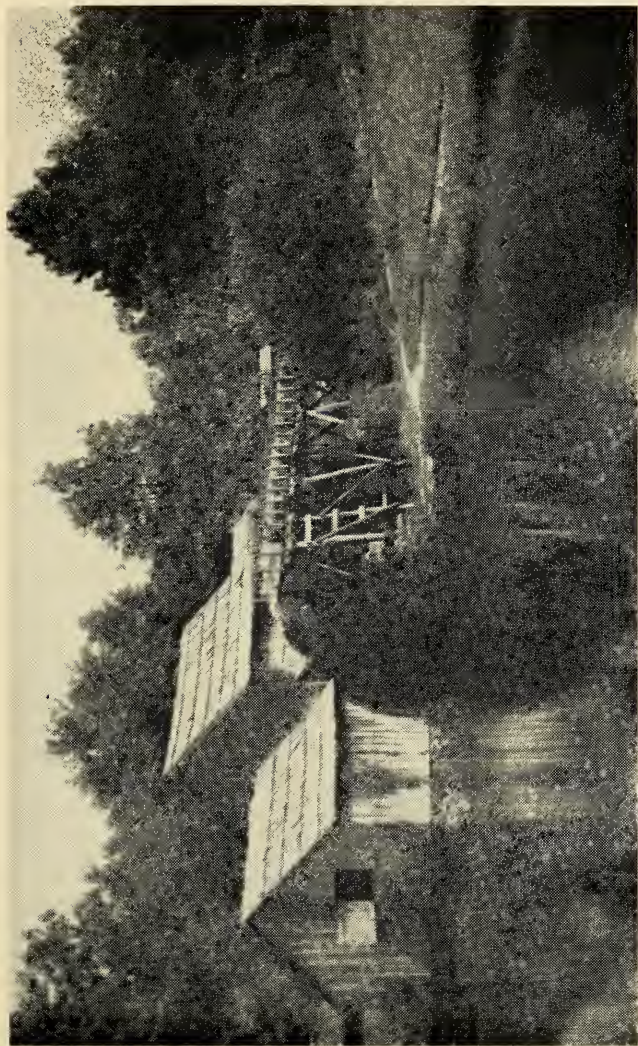
Just before the offering was taken the pastor exhorted the congregation to make a liberal donation for the upkeep of the cemetery. When the collectors brought the money to the altar he said, "Let us pray." In his prayer he thanked God for the contributors and for what had been contributed, and then he called upon the Lord to prosper the cause for which the money had been raised.

Years later I passed by the graveyard and from all appearances it looked like his prayer had been answered.

Nickel-Swallower

. . . Woman, who accompanied nickel-swallower to Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, upon being told that no medical doctors were available, remarking that Dr. J. S. Hiatt, hospital manager and fund raiser, would do. "I don't know of anyone who can get money out of a person any easier than Dr. Hiatt."*

*Elkin Tribune



"Down by the Old Mill Stream" where neighbors of yesterday met.

(Picture by C. C. Poindexter)



*Oak Summit Methodist Church
(Organized 1907—Dedicated June 19, 1909)*



Oak Summit Methodist Church (New Church built 1957)

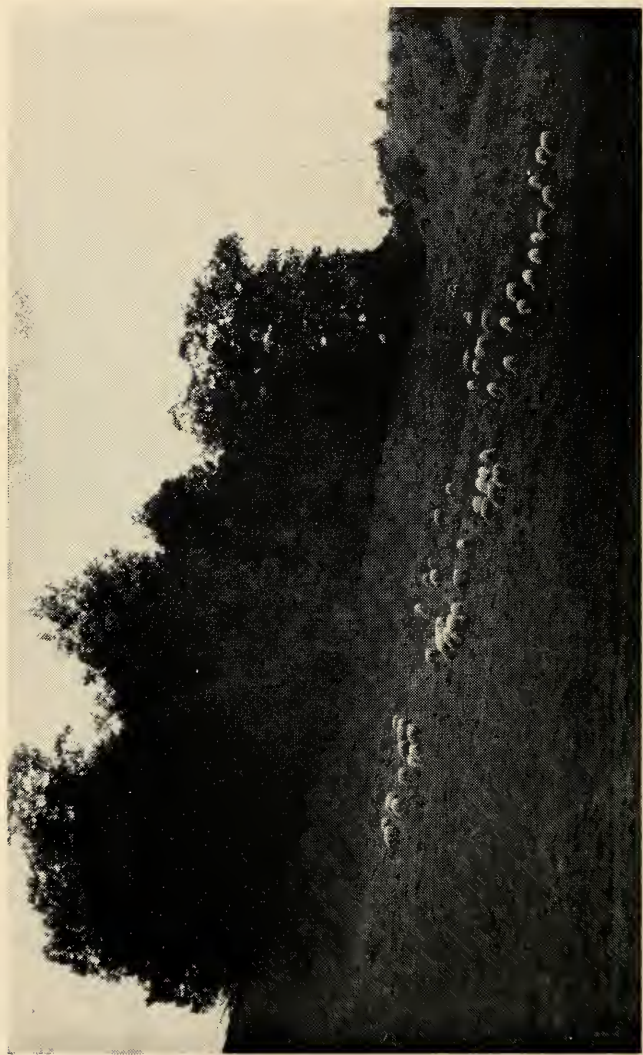


Shiloh Methodist Church (Dedicated April 24, 1927)

Eliza Fowler, a sainted woman, had prayed for thirty-seven years that Shiloh, the church of her father, might be rebuilt.



*Ogburn Memorial Methodist Church
(Built 1923-1924, Dedicated April 24, 1927)*



Scene on W. A. Neaves' Virginia Farm ("The LORD IS MY SHEPHERD; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23:1-2)

(Picture by C. C. Poindexter, Elkin, N. C.)

The Country Doctor

Long before the days of good roads and automobiles people traveled far and near on horseback. While serving a wide circuit I often saw the country doctor mounted on his horse with saddlebags thrown across the saddle as he rode from community to community to minister unto the sick and suffering. No night was too cold, the mud was never too deep, and the rain and snow were never too fierce for him to answer a call. The following incident was related to me by a friend in the community where this faithful doctor practiced. He was making a call late at night when a severe thunder storm came up. The going was rough and the doctor sought shelter in a church by the roadside. Raising the church window to climb in and holding onto the reins of the bridle, he stood just inside the window waiting for the storm to subside. At a flash of lightning he noticed something white near the pulpit. When the second flash came he discovered that the white object was moving, and with the third flash he discovered the moving object was a person. A woman who lived in the neighborhood and who had lost her mentality had wandered away from home and was resting in the church when the storm came up.

Dear Reader, if you had been in the doctor's shoes what would you have done?

Most ghost stories and rumors originate for the reason that the person never took time to ascertain what the object or apparition really is. Like on an autumn

afternoon when out in the open spaces with my friend, Paul Townsend, something which was invisible flew above our heads like "Whish, whish, whish." I do not think it was a flying saucer, and at that time the Russians had not turned loose a man-made moon. Paul and I were not scared but knee action was ready and one more "Whish" above our heads and we would have been traveling on!

Hog vs. Cow

The other morning I heard a heated argument going on between a Wilkes County hog and a Surry County cow. At least, that's what I imagined they were up to.

The hog said to the cow, "You get all the praise and publicity. Your picture was on the front page of the magazines and daily papers. Your first cousin sold at the Klondike Farm sale for twenty-five hundred dollars. You're some Guernsey. All you do is give white milk which produces yellow butter and when old, your hide is tanned to make shoe leather and belts, and your flesh is consumed by men.

"But here am I, a big fat hog, I give my brains, when scrambled with eggs make a delicious meal, and my hams are eaten at church picnics and when swell company calls. How they talk about the good old country ham is a conversation to behold, but I get no praise whatsoever."

I think the cow replied, "Why, you big fat hog, the reason you don't get any praise is because you don't give anything until you die."

I Remember

The man at Camp Meeting who went to get a bucket of water from the spring, got out of balance, and fell into the spring.

The cat that sat down on a piece of tangle-foot flypaper and ran through the dining room where I was a guest, proving that the paper had stick-ability.

Joe Ogburn, at age of seventy-two, shooting a big raccoon and squirrel out of a tall oak tree.

Church that caught on fire, the preacher grabbing the collection plates and a layman the Bible and the two hurrying out of the building.

At Christmas-time when delivering gifts for the Board of Associated Charities, securing a few hundred pennies and scattering them over the ground to see the colored children scramble to recover them.

Family whose baby was fed goat's milk, and when making a trip the goat was hauled in back of car in order that milk supply was available.

The horse trader who owned a horse that was blind in the right eye and who put up the argument that it was an advantage as the horse would not be frightened when an automobile approached on the right side.

When every church had an Amen corner and the wood stove was placed in a large flat box of sand for

the convenience of tobacco chewers; and a pitcher of water was placed on the pulpit to keep the preacher from running dry.

When women wore bustles and sunbonnets, the bonnets made of cotton material for everyday and of silk for Sunday.

When men wore long beards or mustaches and drank their coffee out of a saucer. It was well-seived.

Old blue hen furnished eggs which sold for 8¢ and 10¢ per dozen.

The story of the intoxicated fellow who took his key and tried to unlock the lamp post. When a stranger said, "I don't think there is anyone at home," he replied, "I do, for the lights are on upstairs."

Walking to school a distance of three miles.

Hounds

Two of the well-known doctors in Elkin who pioneered much of the hospital work in Surry County were out fox-hunting. Dr. Royall, who loved the chase and kept a pack of fine hounds, was entertaining his neighbor, Dr. Salmons. The hounds jumped a fox and with their loud voices were making the forest ring with one acclaim. At that moment Dr. Royall said to Dr. Salmons, "Isn't that wonderful music?" Dr. Salmons replied, "Music? Why, I can't hear anything for the yelping of those hounds!"

Story Mother Told

Throughout the ages children have loved thrilling stories of adventure. As a child, the stories I liked most were the ones told by my father and mother concerning events which occurred during and after the War Between the States. One story that made a lasting impression on me was often related by my mother as follows.

After General Robert E. Lee surrendered, the Union soldiers began their journey back to their homes in the North, many of whom passed by my Grandfather Spurgeon's home. My mother, who was fourteen years old, and her sister would stand at a window and watch them as they galloped their horses by the old farm house as they traveled homeward. In the meantime, Grandmother Spurgeon had hidden away all the food they possessed for fear the Union soldiers would take it. She said to her daughters, "It will not be many days until our men who have fought under the Bonnie Blue Flag will be coming home and they will be hungry."

As she had predicted, it was only a few days until the weary, footsore Confederate soldiers, wearing tattered uniforms, with empty haversacks, and many of them without shoes, began appearing at her kitchen door, and with tear-dimmed eyes and voices that were weak were asking for a piece of bread. Grandmother Spurgeon had anticipated this manner of homecoming and was prepared to meet their needs. For three days she had been cooking and preparing

what food she possessed, and she and her daughters passed it out to the heroes who wore the grey until the last morsel was consumed. That night the little girls asked their mother what they would eat since all of their food was gone. She replied, "Your father will be home within a few days and he will provide for us." Grandfather William B. Spurgeon did come home and did provide for his family. Not only did he send his own children to school, but did much as a citizen to help rebuild his beloved stricken Southland.

Many times in my life when the night was dark and the road seemed long and the hill was steep have I thought of the faith of Grandmother when she said, "Your father will be home within a few days and he will provide for us."

Kind friends, however hard the task may be, face it with a faith that will not shrink. "Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you."

AMEN

Lost Teeth

Many years ago an incident occurred in a family in one of my rural churches which caused great excitement and anxiety for a short time.

An old man, better known as Grandpa, imagined that he had swallowed his false teeth and immediately became ill with cramps in his stomach. A grandson was sent in great haste to ride eight miles to bring the family physician. At full speed the boy rode over the muddy road through the midnight air while

grandpa was receiving the attention of the family. Intensive search for the teeth was instituted and finally grandma discovered the lost teeth behind a picture on the mantel where grandpa had placed them. Grandpa's imaginary cramps left him at once and he was completely recovered before the doctor arrived.

Weak Spot

Two ministers were riding in a buggy, traveling over a long, dusty road, before the day of good roads and automobiles. The young minister began reading the Discipline of the Methodist Church. After listening to the reader for a while the old minister remarked, "That is a wonderful book, a book of information." At that moment the young minister asked the older one what he thought of the paragraph which reads, concerning ministerial courtesy, "He shall be urged to abstain from the use of tobacco for reasons, at least, of ministerial prudence." The older minister, who was very fond of chewing tobacco and was at the moment indulging in same, first relieved himself of some of the juice, then replied, "Brother, that is a weak spot in that book."

Snake on Tombstone

In a historic graveyard where Revolutionary Soldiers are buried, is a grave which has attracted much attention through the years. Many, many years ago a pioneer had camped near a swollen stream,

while waiting for the waters to subside so that he could cross and travel on. Going to a nearby spring for water, he was bitten by a rattle snake which proved to be fatal. Years passed by but the people of the community did not forget. They bought a stone for the grave and had chiseled on it a rattle snake, which has attracted the attention of visitors who come to this historic cemetery at Snow Creek each year.

The Old Swimming Hole

While reminiscing on my youthful days, many things come to my mind. In those days there were no youth centers or recreation parks for the country lads, but they found many ways and means for their enjoyment and entertainment. There were the cow pastures and open fields where the future ball players were trained; there were hornet nests to be found and stoned, trips through the woods hunting fox grapes and muscadines and the dens of the big hoot owls, visits to the watermelon patches; but the best of all was the old swimming hole. And what could tone up a boy's appetite more than the thoughts of a ripe sweet melon cooling in the water while he was taking a swim.

It did not require much time for a group of boys to build a dam in a small stream in order to make an ideal swimming hole. Here many happy hours were spent on Saturday afternoons when the boys had finished their work on the farm for the week. Often when a fellow was ready to leave the water, some

member of the party would sprinkle him with sand which caused his temper to rise and made it necessary for him to take another dip in the pool. After having worked in the hot sun during the week, it was most refreshing to spend an hour or two in the cool waters of a clear stream. Bath tubs and swimming pools were not found in rural areas in those days. The boys did not have fancy bathing suits but were dressed just as Adam was when he dwelt in the Garden of Eden.

I recall quite clearly an event when a man came to a hospital in the city for an operation and friends had given him a bathrobe which they thought he could use while he was recuperating. Since this was the first bathrobe he had ever possessed he did not quite know how to use it, and when told to take a tub bath before the operation he got in the water with the robe on. This amused the orderly who asked the patient why he did not remove the robe and the patient replied that he thought it was to be worn while taking a bath.

In most of the rural homes today there are bath tubs and some have swimming pools, but the modern youth will never know the joys he has missed by not having had an old-fashioned swimming hole where the weeping willow, beech and birch trees provided a screen from the hot sun.

Common Sense

Among the invitations which have come to me in recent years was one to visit the Cherokee Indian Reservation in the western part of North Carolina, and to preach to the Indians. Upon my arrival at their church, I asked an old Indian what type of service his people would appreciate. He replied, "Much sing, short preach."

On noticing that I did not lock my car doors, he said, "Some time ago a big shot came to preach to the Indians and asked 'Must I lock my car doors?' to which an old Indian replied, 'Uh, uh, no. There is not a white man within three miles of here.'"

When asked by a friend what I meant by common sense, my reply was that it is a kind of sense that a heehawing, long-eared animal does not have. Common sense teaches a man that he cannot do everything but he can do some things well and that mistakes are often made by the best of men. To illustrate, there was the man who mistook a bumblebee for a blackberry, and the man I read about who by mistake swallowed a spoon and was not able to stir for two weeks.

Common Sense teaches that "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and that no man is indispensable or as important as he thinks he is. If one wishes to really know how important the average person is, just let him put his hand in a pail containing five gallons of water, then take the hand out and the hole that is left in the water will repre-

sent his importance. When a man dies, before the flowers wilt on his grave someone is ready and waiting to take his place and the wheels of time will keep turning.

Upon returning for a visit to a church where I had served as pastor more than fifty years ago, I had a feeling that fifty per cent of the people present did not know me and the other fifty per cent did not know I had been away.

Common Sense teaches that a man, like the old blue mother hen of another day that had to scratch to find food for her hungry chicks, must do a little hustling each day to keep the wheels of progress turning. Even a mosquito does not get a slap on the back until he starts boring. It is said of the Great Teacher that "He went about doing good." Too many people today are just going about and are not concerned with doing good. Many are afflicted with Fever-De-Lurk which means "Two stomachs to eat and none to work."

A friend mailed me a clipping from a paper which was an account of the death of a fellow traveler, and the writer had stated in the eulogy that the departed friend had been a Christian off and on for forty years.

Common Sense teaches that, and I quote, "One can no more teach what he does not know than he can come back from where he has not been." If you would be happy, learn to adjust and find your place in this new day. We have come a long way from the

horse-drawn vehicles to the Ford tractor, from the lamp and lantern to electric lights, from the one-room school to the modern schools where the Home Economic teachers have taught the girls the fine art of cooking and sewing. For the fact is that, "Many a man has lost his head by eating half-cooked soggy bread."

True it is that God never created anything perfect on earth. He grows it. Man working alone can grow a nubbin of corn, but God and man working together can grow fine ears of corn. After man has sowed or planted the seed, it is the Heavenly Father who sends the sunshine and the rain which produce a glorious harvest of golden grain.

When a friend was asked to name the greatest desire in every human heart, he immediately replied that every person desired to be appreciated. There are more empty hearts than empty stomachs in the world today. Parents, teachers, ministers, neighbors and many acquaintances with burdens too heavy to carry long for a word of appreciation.

Five or ten dollars will buy the dog in the window but it is a pat on the head and a kind word that will cause him to wag his tail. Often a smile or a kind word will lighten the burdens of those around you. Give your flowers to the living for they cannot smell them when they are under the sod. Remember that "A little word in kindness spoken, a motive or a tear has often healed a heart that was broken and made a friend sincere." It is not so much where you live

but how you live. We pass this way but once. A salesman asked an old colored man if he was a native of this State. When the old man did not reply immediately his wife called out and said, "Answer the gentleman, Ras. What he wants to know is if you was born before living here or was you living here before you was born." One of the finest of all fine arts is to learn how to get along with people, and to steer your little craft among other crafts and not have a wreck. It might not be so bad if everybody did not want the right of way. The road hog is always the other fellow. Some people are kind, loving and forgiving while others are hard to please and actually devilish.

Common Sense teaches that a person cannot eat and drink every time he sees something to consume without paying a penalty. In the days gone by it was the custom of many people to visit their physician for a check-up in the Spring and to get a Spring tonic. The story is told of an old fellow who, after making such a visit, was told by his doctor that his saliva glands had practically given way and he had a torpid liver. When he returned home he was met by his wife who asked what the doctor had said about his condition, to which he replied, "Don't come near me. The doctor said my salvation band had burst and there was a torpedo on my liver which is liable to explode any minute."

Some time ago there were four men in a ward at the Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, some of whom had a reputation of snoring. In order to make things

more interesting for them, I decided to put on a contest and give a prize to the one who snored loudest. A certain night was designated as the appointed time, and the next morning when I entered the ward three of the men pointed to the school principal who was one of the patients and whose snoring sounded like a cross between bull-frog bass and wild cat tenor and said, "He won. He won!"

My uncle who was a dentist related to me the following story of a man who had as his motto, "Me first, myself next, and if there is anything left I'll take it."

The old fellow became ill and his wife called the family physician who then called in a specialist. While the family doctor was feeling of the old man's pulse, the specialist was feeling his purse. The final decision was that an operation was necessary, which was performed immediately. However, the patient's condition did not improve and a bulletin board was set up to announce his daily condition which read as follows:

First day—Deacon is seriously ill.

Second day—Deacon is sinking rapidly.

Third day—Deacon is dead and gone to heaven.

While the undertaker was in the house with the family figuring the high cost of dying, a news boy took a piece of chalk and wrote on the bulletin board, "Great excitement in Heaven, deacon hasn't arrived yet." How true, for there is no place on earth for a

selfish stingy person, or in Heaven for only the pure in heart shall see God.

Friends, *common sense*, when used as a tonic, will brighten the corner where you are and put a song of encouragement into the hearts of your fellowmen.

When the Organ Grinder Came

Two welcome visitors occasionally came to my father's home when I was a boy. One was the Irish Peddler with his bag of toys and other merchandise which he carried on his back. When seated on the porch he displayed his wares for sale, much of which created excitement to a boy who possessed but few toys and most of them were homemade. A member of one of my churches on my first circuit asked a Peddler if he ever had any trouble with robbers. He replied: "Yes, one time. A very large man approached me with revolver in hand, coming out of the forest into the road and demanding that I give him the money which I had in a small bag. I pitched the bag into the middle of the road and told him to pick it up, and when the would-be robber stooped to get the money I hit him across the neck with me cane, and faith, I knocked him out."

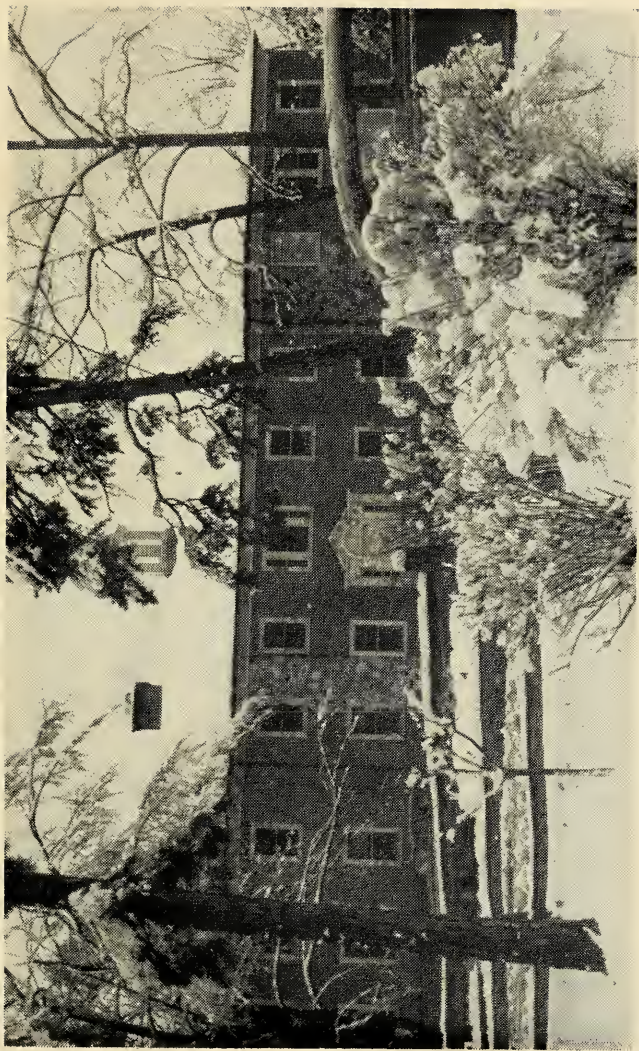
The second visitor who attracted much attention was the Organ Grinder with his monkey. The monkey wore a little red jacket and cap and when the Organ Grinder played his organ the monkey danced and then took up a collection, putting the money in one of the pockets on either side of his jacket.

My brother and I were proud of our dog and one day when the Grinder was entertaining in our yard, our dog decided to chase the monkey up a tree where he sat until his master finally persuaded him to come down. This happened long before treesitting became a fad. The Irish Peddler and Organ Grinder are no more. The television with its wild west stories furnishes entertainment for the boys and girls of the present generation.

Raymond

One of the faithful employees at the Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital is the janitor, Raymond Allen, who has been with this institution since its organization in 1932. No weather is too bad to keep him away from his duties and many a wintry night have I heard his footsteps as he tramped along the path over the frozen snow and ice on his way to the Hospital to check the furnace for the night. Through the years his concern for the comfort of the patients has been commendable. Through both winter and summer months he keeps the hospital grounds neat and clean. By his thrift he has been able to give two of his children a college education and he owns his own home and automobile. He is proud of his church which he serves faithfully.

In addition to his other good qualities, he is a pretty good weather prognosticator and likes to tell this story of a trip he made with the late Rev. L. B. Abernethy. On their way to Charlotte on a dry hot



Winter Scene, Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital



Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, Elkin, N. C.

summer day they saw a terrapin by the side of the road. Although the sun was hot and no clouds were in the sky, Raymond remarked that there would be rain during the day. When Mr. Abernethy asked how he knew, he replied that the terrapin was traveling up hill and that was a sure sign of rain. That afternoon a very heavy rain did fall, and he says that sign never fails. Now when I see a traveler with his house on his back, crawling up hill, I say, "Get your umbrella and rain coat for that is Raymond's forecast of rain."

Two Weather Prophets

It was once said of two of my acquaintances who were weather prophets that the father could tell when it was going to rain and the son could tell when it had rained.

The Sainted Nurse

The greatest compliment that can be paid anyone is to say that he was a good man or she was a good woman. I wish to tell you the story of Leanna Brown, a Christian nurse who was reared in a Quaker Church and in a home where she was taught that high thinking and simple living go hand in hand.

After completing the course of study, she joined the staff of the Lawrence Hospital, Winston-Salem, where she rendered a kindly service to suffering humanity. After this hospital was closed she went to serve in various other hospitals.

When her health failed and her weary body no

longer could bear the heat of the day, she came to our hospital to spend her sunset days. After weeks of suffering, and hope was gone, she spent her time looking forward to the hour when her liberated spirit would be set free. On an afternoon when I was making my rounds in the hospital, she requested that I come to her room at once. Then she told me the following story and asked that I do three services.

"I did not think," she said, "that I would see my heavenly home while in the flesh, but a short time ago God pulled back the curtain and showed me the land of pure delight, the rivers of gladness, the great white throne, and the beautiful building where I am to serve." She said, "Here is what I want you to do first. Read to me the Twenty-third Psalm."

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

"Second, offer a prayer," which I did.

"Dear Father of all mankind, Thou has promised never to leave nor forsake thy children. Be very near

to thy servant who has come to the journey's end. May she place her feeble hand in thy strong hand that thy uplifting Grace may be sufficient. And we pray that beyond the smiling and the weeping she may find joy with Thee and her loved ones gone before. Amen."

"Third, quote Tennyson's 'Immortal Hope.'"

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me—
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep.
Too full for sound or foam—
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark—
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The floods may bear me far.
I hope to see my Pilot face to face—
'When I have crossed the bar.'

In a short time her gentle eyelids closed in death. The doctors pronounced her dead. Then I looked at those hands which had applied the hypodermic needle to ease the intense pain, and had placed the ice bag on the fevered brow—the feet that had answered the urgent call in the darkness of the night. The physicians

tell me that she is dead, but a short time ago she said that she was going to serve in the beautiful city of the Great Physician.

Then I thought of two things, that wonderful verse of scripture recorded in the twenty-second chapter of Revelation, verse twelve, "Behold, I come quickly: and my reward is with me, to give every man, according as his work shall be."

The other thought is contained in the following verses:

"To be a nurse is to walk with God
Along the path that our Master trod,
To soothe the achings of human pain,
To faithfully serve for little gain,
To lovingly do the kindly deed,
A cup of water to one in need,
A tender hand on a fevered brow.
A word of cheer to the living now;
To reach the soul through its body's woe
Ah, this is the way that Jesus would go.
Oh, white-capped girls with motives true—
Our Great Physician is working through you."

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

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